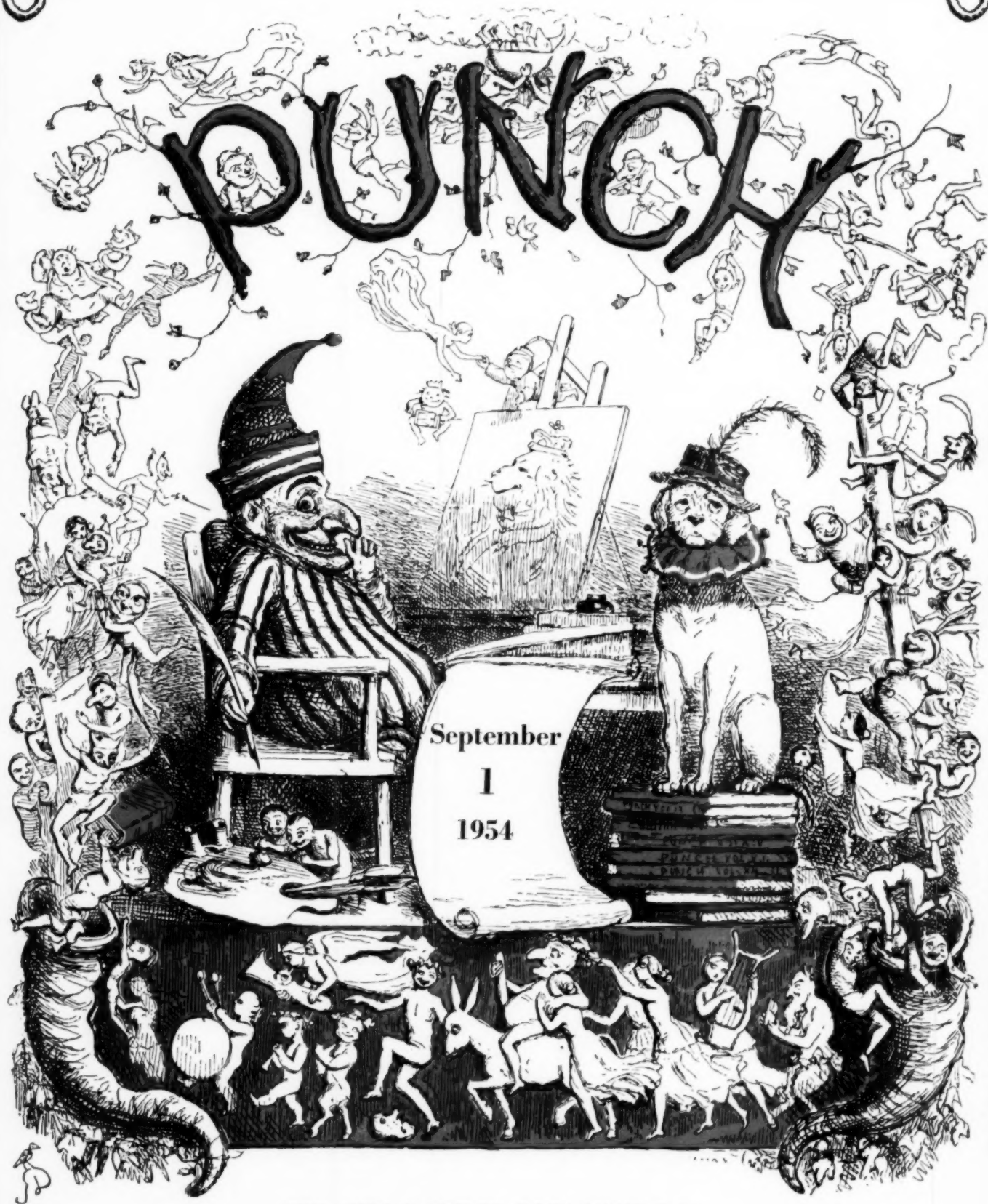


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—September 1 1954

6^d

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I COME from Jamaica, that sunny island which produces the best rum in the world. Best because the soil, water and climate are just right . . . because of the slow fermentation of the "wash" . . . because of the pot-still method of distilling . . . because of the natural ageing for years before bottling. It makes me proud that of all Jamaica rums, mine seems to be prime favourite.

A few suggestions for your delight:
Myers & fruit juice (orange, lemon,
grapefruit, pineapple, etc.)
Myers & Cola (Coca-, Pepsi-, etc.)
Myers & milk—best of night caps

**MAKE
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THE DARK & MELLOW RUM

PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN JAMAICA

MCM 6501



In $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cartons
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Symphony**

Ideal for Birthdays, Theatres or Motoring
EACH EXQUISITE CHOCOLATE A JOY TO EAT



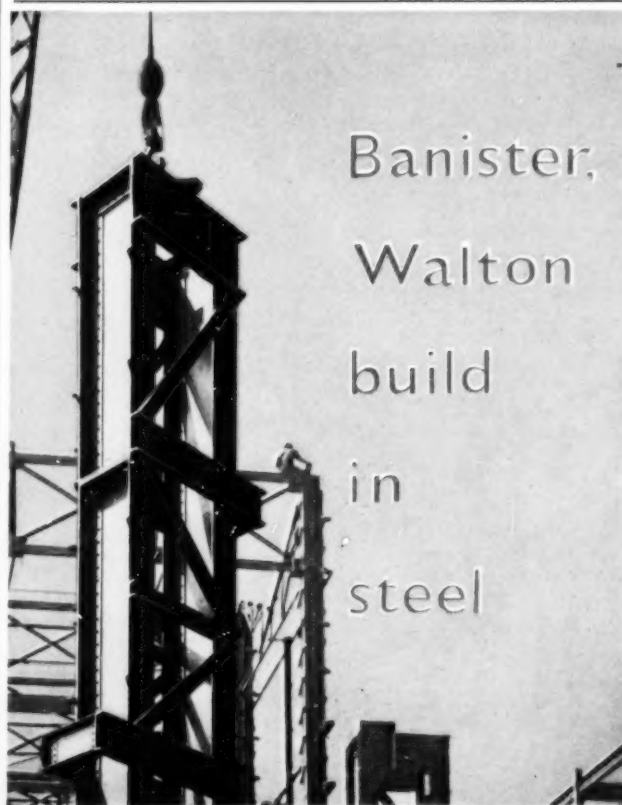
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for a lunch-time snack!
And how welcome!"

Whatever the hour
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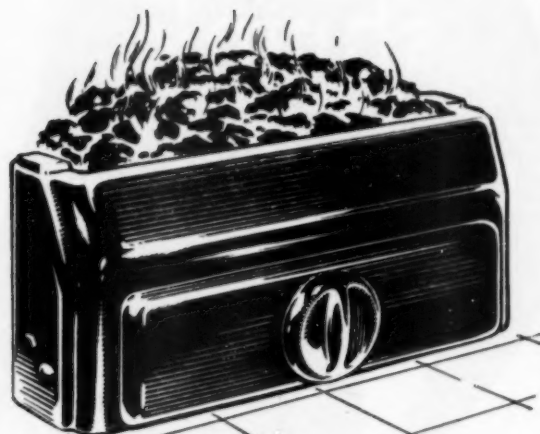
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Life seems so easy and pleasant since we bought our Redfyre. There's no more worry about coal shortage or about the high cost of fuel. We burn coal, slack, coke or anything that's going, and the house is always warm. We can go out for the whole day, and when we return in the evening there's always a glowing welcome for us. What a change from the chilly, expensive, laborious days with our old-fashioned grate. Yes, I'm awfully glad we bought a Redfyre.



BY DAY



BY NIGHT

The REDFYRE

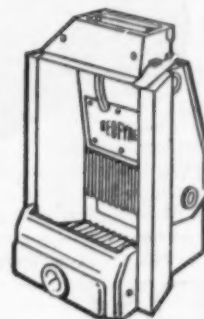
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Fitted with chrome steel bottom grate to avoid "burning out".
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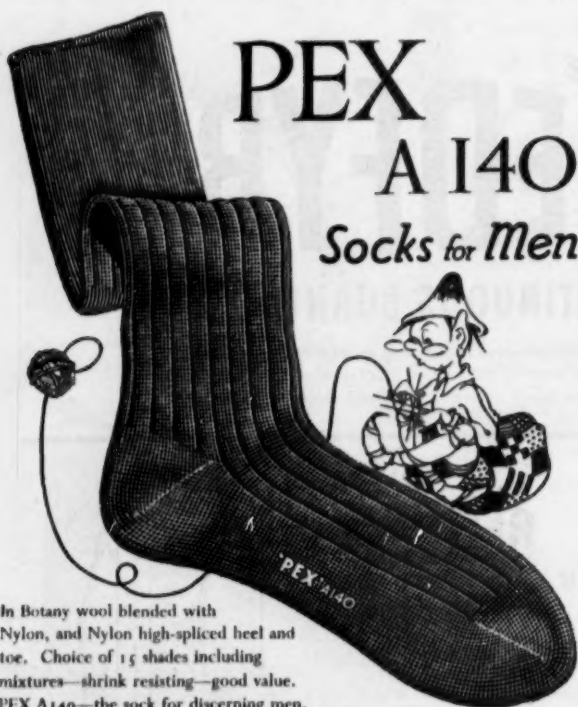
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A 140
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mixtures—shrink resisting—good value.
PEX A140—the sock for discerning men.

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will mean a
REAL
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of
shrink
resistance

DYLAN is a registered trade mark which denotes that goods carrying the Mark are made of wool or of a wool mixture, have been treated by processes approved by Stevensons Dyers Limited, and have passed the standards of shrink resistance set up by them, which, in turn, are correlated to the tests recommended by the British Standards Institution and the standards pro-

posed by the National Hosiery Manufacturers' Voluntary Code of Fair Trading.



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Madam will you walk...?

*Walk? Too warm Or swim? Too lazy
See a film then? I want to see the sun set on the water*

*A deck chair in the shade? That's better
. . . . And a cool, cool drink? Better still.*

And dance in the evening? You have a way with you . . .

*Not me, dear lady. Cunard. They have all the
answers to jaded mentalities and lethargic limbs.*

Do sit down. You're making me feel energetic.

Cunard — gracious living at its best

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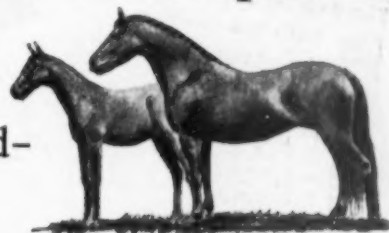


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"quality feel" of
good underwear*

SAY...

*Shepherd
and
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Nature's Masterpieces
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instantly
recognised—
—so can



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A masterpiece of Man and Nature

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Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark.
It is approved by the Board of Trade as
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is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun,
dyed, handwoven and finished in the
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Issued by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

"You'll be
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a fish soon!"



Good food, first-class accommodation, courteous, friendly service, unrivalled sporting facilities—all this and Devon too is at the

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

Through Express train services from the North, the Midlands and London.

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THE FINEST HOTEL ON
THE ENGLISH COAST.

"Well I hate to waste such a lovely pool and the instructor helped me a lot."
"Could you tear yourself away to play golf this afternoon?"

"Possibly. I'll see after lunch."

"Ah! lunch—swimming certainly makes you appreciate that menu."



"DON'T LOOK NOW...
BUT HE'S WEARING AN

Eeziwear Waistcoat

Made by expert craftsmen from the finest "LUXICORD" (Regd.) Needle cord, and other fancy cloths, in a wide range of colours "Eeziwear" gives tone to your appearance.

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or write direct to SMS Ltd., 10 Golden Square, London, W.1., for name of nearest STOCKIST.



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Rosayne



The exhilarating pink wine
with the exciting
champagne sparkle!



Rosayne is pressed from Mediterranean grapes and its pink colour and sparkle come from them alone. No wonder it is so delicious—the most exhilarating of all naturally sparkling wines. Get it tonight at bars and licensed restaurants.

The 2½ bottle fills
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Price 1/6 in Northern Ireland.

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You've tasted and enjoyed

JOHN LUSTY'S

REAL TURTLE SOUP . . .

now, try these Lusty products at their wonderful best

OX TONGUES, CHICKEN FRICASEE,
GALANTINES, BEEFSTEAK PUDDINGS etc.

not forgetting Lusty's assorted soups

Cream of Chicken, Mushroom, Tomato, Ox-tail,
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A SUMMER REMINDER: Lusty's Turtle-Soup
served cold is delicious—so light, appetising and nourishing.

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The world's
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BABY COACH

Rip Van Winkle had his beard...



Whether this was his only source of comfort during the long cold nights is a matter for debate. It does, however, seem reasonably certain that our good friend was never possessed of a 'WARMABED' Electric Blanket, an omission which you or I need never suffer.

'WARMABED' Electric Blankets are supplied in 100% Pure Wool, in pink, periwinkle blue, honeysuckle or willow green.

3 Sizes: JUNIOR, £4.14.6 - SINGLE, £8.10.0, - DOUBLE, £12.5.7
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THE NEW
"Airlyne"
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It's well worth while, making Carpets, Rugs and Runners, providing you use the "Airlyne" MACHINE and MATERIALS. They can be made exactly to the size, shape and colouring required, and are noted for their exceptional wearing qualities. You can 'Pay as you make' - most "Airlyne" stockists 'put by' your wool and you purchase as required.

Make luxurious deep pile carpets and rugs at a REASONABLE outlay, for the "Airlyne" method uses HALF the wool required by others. It's faster too, 100 double loops per minute!! You can design your own with the new "Airlyne" motifs as used in these designs, choose yours from the large selection available and JUST IRON ON plain "Airlyne" Canvas.



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Fill in the coupon without delay and send to:

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How on earth do you choose a mattress?

They all look more or less alike in the catalogues — they all feel about the same when casually pressed or sat upon in the showroom.

Yet you'll spend about a third of your life on the mattress you choose, so you had better be sure what you're buying.

Surely it's the *inside* that matters — the design and workmanship of the hidden springing and the quality of the upholstery. You can be sure of these things if you choose SOMNUS — sure that the inside is just as well finished as the outside — sure that you are buying many years of luxurious sleep comfort.

Get to know the *inside* story of SOMNUS BEDDING by sending a postcard for our illustrated folder.

SOMNUS



FOR THE REST
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RHODOS. A high grade Somnus overlay with perfect tension open-type spring unit, enveloped in billowy upholstery of NEW CURLED HAIR and cotton felt. It costs only £11. 0. 0. (3' 0" wide) and £15. 0. 0. (4' 6" wide). With upholstered Base to match £18. 10. 0. and £24. 15. 0. Other Somnus Mattresses range from £7. 5. 0. to £35. 10. 0.

WILLIAM RHODES LTD., CARLTON CROSS MILLS, LEEDS 2.
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All Somnus Bedding conforms to B.S.I. Standards of Quality and Cleanliness.



cast for an important part . . .

Consider the stress sustained by a Ruston-Bucyrus Excavator

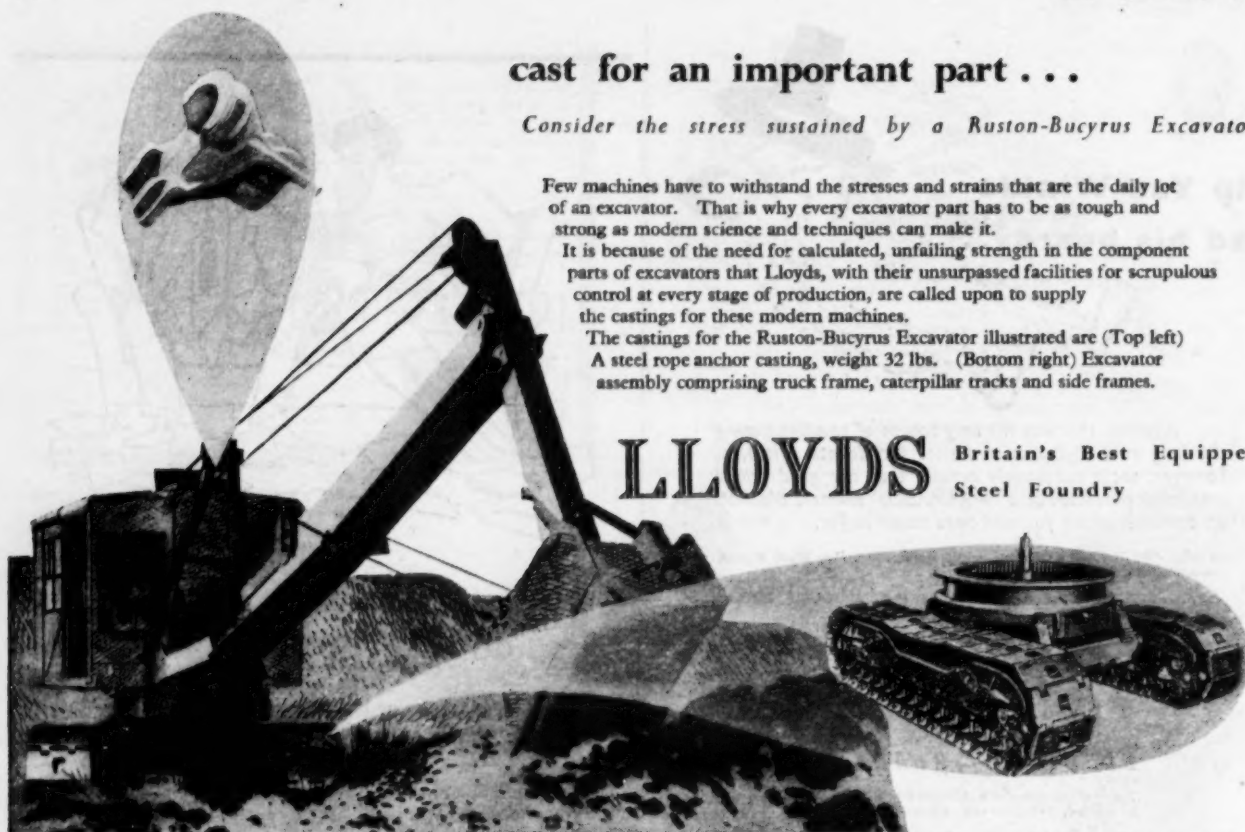
Few machines have to withstand the stresses and strains that are the daily lot of an excavator. That is why every excavator part has to be as tough and strong as modern science and techniques can make it.

It is because of the need for calculated, unfailing strength in the component parts of excavators that Lloyds, with their unsurpassed facilities for scrupulous control at every stage of production, are called upon to supply the castings for these modern machines.

The castings for the Ruston-Bucyrus Excavator illustrated are (Top left) A steel rope anchor casting, weight 32 lbs. (Bottom right) Excavator assembly comprising truck frame, caterpillar tracks and side frames.

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Britain's Best Equipped
Steel Foundry



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If you're driving a RENAULT
—you're motoring better
(AND IT'S COSTING YOU LESS!)

Whenever you elect to go places in the purposeful Renault 750, you're briskly off the mark and sitting pretty for the rest of the journey—and as far as running costs are concerned, it's economy (the 50 m.p.g. kind!) all the way. Designed throughout to provide "luxury motoring at extremely low cost, the Renault 750 seats four adults comfortably and roomily within its wheelbase. Here, the flat rear floor gives added head and legroom for rear passengers. In heavy traffic the 750's high manoeuvrability is an invaluable asset. On rough going its masterly suspension ensures bedrock stability and complete freedom from pitch or body sway. Come hills come mountain passes, the Renault 750's unflagging, extremely flexible 4 cylinder o.h.v. engine whisks you along with almost audacious unconcern. *

RENAULT 750

A 'Light Car' road test report on the 750 states: "The Renault is light and responsive to all controls and a journey from London to the borders of South Wales, returning the same day, produced none of the anticipated impression of fatigue."

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PERFECTOS

The inevitable choice for those who
appreciate the finer things in life.

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TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

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SEPTEMBER

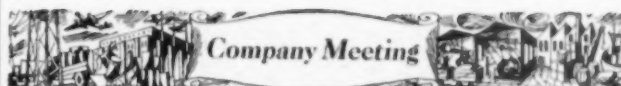
THE NOMADS

Partridge-shooting and the academic year begin in September; camping, for most practical purposes, ends. Tents, it must be accepted, have some disadvantages. They defy the best directed efforts to erect them, the guy ropes can seldom be adjusted to a nicety, and once up they tend to exert on cows a fascination which must, one suspects, be morbid. Their charm, to which the British holiday-maker is increasingly susceptible, lies in the extreme flexibility which they confer on his strategy; they give him the enviable status of a nomad. Used (as they largely are in the army) in a static role, tents are inconvenient billets; the Territorial seldom feels affection for the symmetrical acres of canvas on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere—although at the end of a tiring night operation he returns to roost there as happily as a homing pigeon. But a tent of one's own gives a sense of freedom and independence, which is not altogether illusory. There are, of course, moments when its occupants, even if they will not admit it to each other, would gladly exchange it for some less impermanent accommodation; when, as the rain drums loudly on the roof, visions of the Hotel de l'Univers or the Anglers' Arms float in the darkness with an irresistible allure. But the next morning things generally seem not quite so intolerable. There is the positive satisfaction of an ordeal survived and a confident feeling that the next night things will be different.



Banking with the Midland has this in common with camping: you are free to go where you please. The Bank has over 2,100 branches in England and Wales and your requirements will receive the same courteous attention at all of them.

MIDLAND BANK



The Distillers Company Limited

Excerpt from CHAIRMAN'S STATEMENT issued with Directors' Report and Accounts

The trading profit of the Group for the year to 31st March, 1954, amounted to £19,717,540 compared with £13,030,747 for the previous year. Although most sections of the Company's business contributed to this result, the improvement was largely due to the greater volume of Scotch Whisky which it was possible to export during the year and to the marked recovery by our Chemical and Plastics Divisions. I shall refer to these in greater detail later. After charging Depreciation and Interest on Loans, the net profit was £17,632,289 against £11,059,297. Taxation provisions required £9,805,472 and of the balance, £510,268 belongs to other participants in certain subsidiaries.

The Distillers Company's share is accordingly £7,316,549 compared with £4,101,072 last year.

As you are already aware, we acquired the entire share capital of Train and McIntyre Ltd. during the year and as part of the consideration 2,000,000 Ordinary Shares of 4/- each were issued at the then current market value of 17/- per share. This transaction accounts for the major portion of the increase in our Issued Capital and in our Capital Reserves by way of Share Premium Account. The balance of the increase is the result of the conversion of part of our Unsecured Loan Stock 1964. I should perhaps remind the remaining holders that the same rate of conversion is open to them this November, after which the terms become less favourable each year.

SCOTCH WHISKY

We have again achieved a satisfactory measure of production at our Malt and Grain Distilleries. Last year, I referred to the fact that a large proportion of the stocks of Scotch Whisky held by the Industry was not yet adequately matured and available for sale. Unfortunately this state of affairs still exists although the position has slightly improved. We have, during the past year, acquired certain substantial stocks which will enable us to increase the quantities available for sale in the near future. Maintenance of age and quality still remains the controlling factor in the expansion of our sales both at home and abroad.

Sales of Scotch Whisky, for a number of years, have been the subject of an arrangement between H.M. Government and The Scotch Whisky Association. Under this arrangement, the Industry undertook to limit its sales in the Home Trade to a specific figure and to endeavour to achieve certain suggested targets in the Export field. Whilst paying tribute to the harmonious and helpful relations between H.M. Government and the Industry, I am glad to say that intimation was received from the Government to the effect that as from 1st January, 1954, each individual firm would be left free to adopt its own pattern of trade. This was, however, subject to an understanding that every effort would be made to increase our Export sales and in particular, exports to the dollar areas. We have therefore now reached the stage when we can produce our Whisky without restriction in volume and sell it with greater freedom than has been possible for a long time.

GIN

Once again I am glad to report a successful year's trading by our Gin Companies, with substantially increased home and export sales. It may be prudent, however, to add a warning note in that as Whisky supplies reach the Home market in gradually increasing volume, the upward trend in Gin sales may be arrested, or perhaps modified.

INDUSTRIAL GROUP

I am glad to be able to report that following upon the sharp recession to which I referred in my previous statement, the year now under review was one of steady recovery and progress for most of our Divisions. This reflects not only the marked improvement in general trade, but also the coming into operation of new plant and reorganisation programmes.

Most raw materials have been in free supply at somewhat lower levels, which has enabled us to reduce the prices of our products with beneficial effect upon our sales and earnings. The Chemical industry continues to develop at a rapid rate, and although in Britain, because of the limitations imposed upon industry by the crushing weight of taxation, the capital invested each year does not compare with the enormous sums expended in the U.S.A. or Germany, nevertheless, the total figure is impressive and we have contributed our share.

New products of great value and wide application are constantly emerging from the chemical laboratories of the world and we have to see to it that we do not fall behind in this competitive but constantly expanding field.



Problems of space *aren't always interstellar!*

Take the case of a light industry that is going ahead—and running out of storage space.

Before discussion turns to such drastic remedies as building a new store or shifting the whole concern to a new site, it is worth taking another look at the seat of the trouble. That gap between the top layer of stacked goods and the roof above . . . there *is* the extra space. Too high to be reached? Not by a fork truck!

Don't be too quick to decide that an electric fork truck costs more than the job justifies. A truck like that can do more than stack goods to roof level. It can and will do every normal



handling job throughout the works. Every job of lifting and shifting, from unloading material to loading the finished product into the outgoing lorries. And remember, it's a *battery* truck, the simplest of all trucks to use and maintain, and the only type that can safely operate where contaminating exhaust fumes are taboo.

A light electric fork truck can give you the space you need *and* spread the benefits of quick, cheap mechanical handling right through the works. *And its 'fuel' cost, in terms of electric current consumed, will be from 1d. an hour.*

Exide-Ironclad BATTERIES—a product of Chloride Batteries Limited

★ *The Company's Battery Traction Advisory Staff is always ready to discuss any aspect of electric traction*

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JAPANESE employed by American forces in Hokkaido have struck work for an eighty per cent increase in retirement allowances. This should kill once and for all that old gag about its all being over by Christmas.

Adjusted Norm

ANYTHING to start as promisingly as the new craze for threatening to murder television stars is bound to catch on, and the proposed victims will soon be rapidly following one another into the higher brackets of fame. Those left unmolested must brace themselves for a worrying time, especially when the new printing of Viewer Research forms embodies the item, "Life Threatened: Yes or No."

Near Miss

MR. CECIL B. DEMILLE, now casting a new film, is hunting for a girl "both intelligent and beautiful" to be in it. The quest is older than time, and in the



end he will have to accept the traditional compromise—a beautiful girl who is at least intelligent enough to know that intelligence doesn't matter.

Terminological Exactitude

LONDON crime reporters are discussing the recent *Daily Mail* headline introducing a dispatch from New York: "Gangsters Kill Capone Mobster." Some say that gangsters and mobsters are the same, and that the headline is nothing but a sub-editor's elegant variation; others contend that gangs and mobs are organizations bristling with fine distinctions, and that usage must be respected. Certainly there is an off-

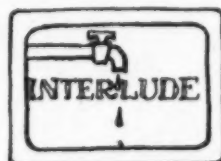
pitch ring about a change to "Mobsters Kill Capone Gangster," even with such a reliable old clincher as "Hail of Bullets" in the sub-heading.

No Opposition

WITH four hundred film critics in Venice and many more in Edinburgh, last week proved ideal for the astute producer to get his premiere unscathed through the West End of London.

Water, Water Everywhere

PRESSURE in the water mains at any given time, says the *Municipal Journal*, indicates the popularity of the television



programme at that time, as viewers cannot tear themselves away to turn a tap, run a bath or release domestic supplies in any other form. It is lucky that the present standard of programmes has caused reservoirs to be consistently disembarassed of the summer's abnormal rainfall.

Same Sort of Thing

INCLUDED in the programme for twenty Andover churchgoers visiting Paris next month was to have been a night at the Folies Bergère, but the vicar has cancelled the seats because of parishioners' protests. Oddly enough, a day at SHAPE Headquarters is being retained in the itinerary.

For the Fun of It

WITH the opening of the new football season club managements are vying with each other for bigger and more consistent attendances. It is unlikely that any attractions in this country, however, will compete with those

reported in the Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Maritzburg Bantu F.A., which records the debarment of Ernest Radebe ("Naughty Boys") for stabbing a spectator named Vilakazi, the expulsion of Zaccheus Dlamini ("Railway Eagles") for whipping the referee with a sjambok, and the fining of a linesman for stabbing Elphas Goba ("Zebras"). Two pounds each was paid to eight players who were stabbed, lost teeth or broke limbs, and the Report ends with a recommendation that:

"If possible, irresponsible and incapable persons should not be elected or appointed to the administrative functions of the Association."

Stalemate

No explanation accompanied the recent announcement from Moscow that teams of Russian scientists are drifting on two ice floes near the North Pole, playing chess by radio. This may be part of a quest for conditions under which iron curtain sportsmen can enjoy themselves without risk of their seeking political asylum in the West.

Hurry Past

THE uncanny precision of modern scientific measuring devices is sharply brought home by a report in the *Calgary Herald*. Dr. Ballarin, of Pisa University,



has declared that the Leaning Tower leaned still further last year—"the movement," says the *Herald*, "came to just under .0 inches."

Can You Keep One?

DR. OTTO JOHN, broadcasting at the time of the Brussels E.D.C. talks,

alleged that there were secret protocols to the treaty, accepted by all parties in a secret exchange of letters, and that, moreover, Dr. Adenauer had instructed all who knew about the secret protocols to keep them "absolutely secret." Up against this kind of thing you can hardly blame a secret agent for getting savage.

Muffled Figures

EVERYWHERE on the holiday beaches, according to a literary critic, spine-chillers of the Edgar Wallace and



"Sapper" genre are still being read. The Buchan cold spell has also been holding its own.

No Offence

CAPTAIN PEIK, master of a Dutch coaster which recently attracted a Russian salvo in the Gulf of Finland, was most forbearing when he made port at Burghead, pooh-poohing the idea that the Russian ship had actually fired on him. "It fired," he said—"but was it at us?" This way, undoubtedly, international amity lies. Failing a direct hit, we are all friends together.

Coward's Way Out?

THE reason given by the selection committee for exhibiting every painting submitted for a recent art show in the Queen's Hall, Richmond, was that such a course would "encourage new artists." If the motive was genuine it was a laudable one, and might in time change the whole complexion of art shows everywhere. Some people are saying, however, that it was the committee's only alternative to the embarrassing course of rejecting the lot.

Lion Roars Back

COLONEL NASSER was already facing criticism for his leniency over the Canal Zone agreement when another blunder in policy got into the news: so that a road can be built in Cairo the British Embassy is surrendering a slice of its garden on the right bank of the Nile, and will receive £300,000 by way of compensation. A strong body of Egyptian opinion feels that we should have paid to have it taken away.

THE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

An open letter to the President of Al Azaar University, from Qra'am Qrin, Baruch Reader in Muslim Literature at the University of Harvard.

IN the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, greeting. I write to you, as the most honoured of all who are learned and steadfast in the true Faith, to disclose the behaviour of a certain mullah of this University for infidels.

Among the subjects studied in this University is the art of telling tales. The learned men of this school dispute with each other over many things; on many matters they fail to agree. But on one point all are agreed. They admit, and indeed proclaim, that of all the tellers of tales, the greatest was a woman of the true Faith called Scheherazade. They concede that her thousand and one tales would provide exceeding raw material for the blasphemous makers of moving images for many ages, transcending even the books of the infidel Boccaccio of Swindon.

Therefore, they arranged to place in the nearest mosque a memorial plaque such that this daughter of the Prophet's household should not go unhonoured. They asked only that the mullah would unveil the plaque, speaking over it a few simple words extolling her virtue, her learning, her chastity and her devotion to the Faith. But this the mullah callously refused to do, saying that this Muslim woman was not virtuous, nor learned, nor chaste, nor yet even a

Muslim. In his harsh words, he said that she had "thrown the Faith out of the window" by ceasing to observe its rites and even contracting a marriage with an infidel.

But it is written in the Sura of the Antelope, "Who is more unjust than he that prohibiteth the temples of God?" This woman's fame has covered the whole world; should it not also cover her trifling failings? For this un-Muslim act has caused scandal through the earth. Surely it is becoming that followers of the true Faith should emulate the generosity of them that caused the unbelieving dog Sydney Webb to be buried in the chief temple of the established Faith of his country; and when certain narrow-minded fellows would have denied him this great boon on the ground of his unbelief, were rather persuaded by the voice of the infidel Bernard Shaw. Is not this the example to be followed by the Faithful rather than the stiff-necked pride of those others in a neighbouring land who, when a woman storyteller beloved of the people fell sick and died, ordered her body to be denied the rites of her Faith for no reason but that she had not observed the canons of that Faith?

There is none among the Faithful more faithful than myself, as my own word testifies. I wear the Green of the pilgrim. I read the Koran constantly and profit by it, and it is written therein, in the Sura of Sa'ud, "Men swelled with arrogance have said, shall we abandon our gods for a distracted poet?" But I, who am of the true Faith, am not a man swollen with arrogance; therefore is my word true and therefore must my doctrine be above the doctrine of the mullahs.

Salutations!

C. B.



"Looks like you band chaps will have to brush up on your National Anthems."

FARNBOROUGH

NEXT week's *Punch* coincides with Farnborough Air Display, and will have a specially designed cover and eight pages of articles and drawings about fliers and flying.



SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AGREEMENT

A Wreath of Sad Stories : Woven from the Leaves of Life

TEEN-AGED, and a resident of Malvern, Worcestershire, Thomas Blore read some books, and they had stuff in them about Circassian girls, many of them dancers. They were of singular beauty, intelligence, and skill, and plus this they were gloriously feminine; passionate and yet submissive; and, if you liked, they would play soft music to you while you reclined on something.

Older, Blore met a lot of girls, but none of them Circassians. Then he went to a party in Paris and he saw a girl across the room, and he said to a man "Who's that girl across the room?" And the man said "She's a Turk. Or rather, really, she's a Circassian, actually." Blore was most awfully bucked, and addressed the girl, and soon married her. He was particularly bucked at the recollection of a comment by S. Freud to the effect that happiness is the fulfilment of childhood desire.

He brought her back to England immediately, and she said that, of course, she did not intend to let marriage interfere with her career. Blore said perhaps she could appear in cabaret, or did she mean ballet?

By CLAUD COCKBURN

She said "Dancing? Faugh!" And it turned out that she was a qualified solicitor, and before marriage had been admiringly referred to as the Benson, Benson, Benson, Benson and Bloom of Ankara South. She said a true daughter of progressive, modern Turkey had no time for dancing, and progressive girls from modern Lebanon, Syria, Iraq and adjacent areas had no time for it either.

Blore, reclining, said "What about soft music?" She said "Are you anti-democratic or something? And please don't sprawl when I speak to you. Sprawling is not so progressive."

She got enrolled as a solicitor in London, and took her meals out with the other solicitors, who called her Cassie. When she got home she was too tired to do any housework, and had to read Toynbee in bed for relaxation. "In modern Middle East," she said, "we find Toynbee not very serious. But he is quite amusing, don't you find?"

When she divorced Blore she conducted her own case, and got an alimony award which crippled him for life.

II

The setting sun of yet another day was casting long shadows across the porch of the old homestead in Peoria, Kansas, as Hiram Hendrick, moved by the wonder of it all, vowed—not for the first time—always to be worthy of his heritage. He was clean and keen, and he got to be a Captain in the Army. Then they made him assistant Military Attaché in a foreign capital, and the setting sun of yet another day still was casting long shadows across the Chancellery of the Legation in this foreign capital as Hiram, moved by the wonder of it all, vowed never to do anything he would be ashamed to discuss with the people in the War Office of the country to which he was accredited.

In particular, he swore never to let his country down, or bring a blush to its cheek, by engaging in espionage and getting expelled as *non grata*.

"Thing about Hiram," the boys would say in days to come, as they sat "yarning" round the camp fire in the Union Club, while elk and moose sought their scanty fodder in the surrounding wilds, "he was always absolutely *grata*."





Mervyn C. Wilson :

"I think it's gone lame."

The sun set over and over again, and was doing so in Washington, D.C., when a man from the Pentagon said to the Minister of the country where Hiram was *en poste*, "How do you find Hiram Hendrick these days? Is he still as *grata* as ever?"

"More *grata* than ever, if anything," responded the diplomat. "I'd say he's one of the grataest men in your service."

"No suspicion," queried his military interlocutor, "of his using his diplomatic immunity as a cover for espionage, obtaining unauthorized information through unofficial channels, or by the bribery and corruption of such of your nationals as may be in possession of important military secrets? No hint of anything improper, likely to lead to a peremptory request on your part for his immediate withdrawal?"

"None," said the Minister.

So a week later Hiram was recalled to Washington and transferred to the command of a military canteen in a little-known area of northern Nebraska.

III

With all the fresh fervour of her eager young heart, little Clorinda dreamed childish dreams, and at her mother's knee prayed and prayed to become awfully, awfully rich, so as to have a series of men at her feet, begging her to marry them.

Then an uncle who had gone out to São Paulo, Brazil, died there, and cut up for a matter of a cool six million, four of the coolest being for Clorinda, and she married a man called Fuzzeley, who insulted her publicly at the reception after the wedding, to show his independence and emphasized that, though penniless, he was in no way

intimidated or inhibited by her great wealth.

To underline his point he later bought jewellery for other girls and sent Clorinda the bills. When she divorced him he said that had she not lived like some exotic flower, a hot-house plant sheltered by her riches from wholesome contact with life's realities, she would have been more broad-minded.

Her second husband, who was Peter Althrop-Thurze, was brutally rude to her at the reception after the wedding, to show that, though penniless, he was not intimidated by her great wealth. He said she had better give him half her money right away so that he could start a business of his own, not wishing to have his friends suppose he was living on her.

The business he started was a night

club in New York, and he said she had better remain in London. Otherwise, if she came to New York with him, people would say she didn't trust him out of her sight with the money, and he would be humiliated in the eyes of his friends and business associates.

After two years of separation she divorced him in Reno, and he said you could never trust these rich girls, they were spoiled and fickle, not knowing their own minds from one minute to the next.

Mewd, who married her some months later, said at the reception after the wedding that the unequal distribution of the world's goods, the existence of huge unearned incomes, maddened and revolted him, and that he was often disgusted at himself for allowing himself to become involved with a rich woman who had never done a hand's turn of decent work in her life, and probably wouldn't know how to take a bus across London if she had to, and she would have to pretty soon, because the masses weren't going to stand for this sort of thing for ever, and she needn't think they were, and they wouldn't be fobbed off much longer with crumbs, either.

He gave up his job, saying he could not stomach the notion of taking work

out of the mouths of fellows who needed it more than he did, and he sat at home all day in a silk dressing-gown, saying the mere, grotesque, utterly unnecessary size of the house, more like some filthy luxury hotel than a sensible home, nauseated him.

He had become, he yelled, nothing but a spiv and a parasite. He commenced drinking heavily, and when Clorinda divorced him, a couple of years later, he said that what she and all her kind were, were ruthless juggernauts, little recking of the havoc of a human life.

IV

The educational inspectors, or whoever they were, asked Toby Neasworthy what he wanted to do when he grew up, and he said he wanted to enjoy a life of almost unparalleled luxury, extravagance and power, comparable only to that of the Roman Emperors. They gave him good marks for clear thinking and vision, and asked how? He said he was going to get to be boss-man of a huge circulation newspaper somewhere,

which would lash out fearlessly, hit hard, and pillory when necessary.

Also it would expose scandals in high places and low, unafraid to tear aside veils which too long had concealed this or that. Everyone would read it to see who or what had gone off the rails now, and Neasworthy would enjoy a life of almost unparalleled luxury, extravagance and power.

He became boss-man of such a paper, and from then on was forced to live in an outer suburb with his aunts, because it would be so awful if the boss of this paper got breathed on by any scandal himself. When he travelled by train he had to take two tickets in case he lost one and they hauled him up for trying to travel without paying his fare.

When he finally retired he went off to have an orgy and found he had forgotten how.

V

Paynham-Bridges worked hard for years to get elected to Parliament so as to be in a position to do the country a tremendous lot of good.

Grasmere 1802

SO Coleridge and Wordsworth started out
To walk to Keswick "with mutton in their pockets"
(Dorothy noted), in case they should feel peckish.
Up over Dunmail Raise, by Wythburn church
And marshy Thirlmere the two young poets walked—
The Lyrical Ballads, The Antient Marinere
And Tintern Abbey, four long years behind—
It's certain Coleridge went talking talking,
The scene a backcloth to his abstract mind,
And William mostly silent, but his eyes
Communing with the hills and the adamant landscape
Beating in his heart with a steadfastness
To Coleridge inconceivable. So they came
To the fork in the track: to left the long long hill,
To right St. John's Vale, offering sweet escape.
There was a choice, and one knows how Wordsworth wanted
The Friend to walk uphill—but he was Water
And he must go his way, though the Rock compel
And shape his first fantastic falling glory.
They were bound to part. That was inevitable.
I see them pause. I know what each is thinking,
For I am poet enough for that at least:
They are thinking of the mutton in their pockets.
The inn is near. This is the spot to eat it.

PATRIC DICKINSON





"Whatever happened to staggered holidays?"

Unquiet Wedding

By DAVID YATES MASON

"A WEDDING?" said the Uncle. "How exciting!"

"It's one of my National Service lot," the Nephew replied. "He lives out in the Dagenham district."

"A splendid industrial area," said the Uncle. "This obviously isn't one of your Old Etonian friends. May I see the invitation?"

The Nephew handed him a silver-printed card.

"Very good indeed," said the Uncle approvingly. "Wedding bells embossed in the top left-hand corner . . . An out-size Gothic initial . . . Reception at the Attlee Institute . . . Excellent. I do congratulate you."

"He was my sergeant," the Nephew explained. "An awfully nice chap."

"And his father?"

"He's in some works down there, I think. I have an idea he's a shop steward."

"My boy," said the Uncle, very impressed, "let me congratulate you again. You've obviously been getting to know the Right People after all. Why, it took me years of buying beer and being pleasant in pubs and working men's clubs before I was asked to a Ruling Class wedding like this."

"Ought I to wear a morning coat?" the Nephew asked.

"Definitely not," the Uncle replied. "You'll find most of the young men of your age, particularly the more pasty-faced ones, will be suited in a singularly trying shade of lavender-mauve; but I'd play safe, if I were you, with your best dark blue and a sponge-bag tie. One thing you must have though, is a white carnation."

"I usually sport a red one," said the Nephew.

"On this occasion," said the Uncle firmly, "it must be large and white and backed by a spray of vivid green asparagus fern. If you want to go the whole hog you can have it emerging from one of those little tin things that fit into your buttonhole."

"I think all weddings are the absolute end," mused the Nephew unhappily.

"Admittedly they are not as deeply enjoyable as funerals," said the Uncle, "but you must get it out of your head that this one is going to bear the remotest

resemblance to those dreary affairs you've been to in Knightsbridge or North Audley Street—those annihilating receptions in hired houses or hotels—one tiny *foie gras* sandwich, non-vintage fizz and depressing little gilt chairs."

"I hate all that sort of thing," said the Nephew.

"That's why you're going to find this wedding so immensely enjoyable," the Uncle went on enthusiastically. "Every minute will be packed to overflowing with pleasure. One thing, though—you must be very careful at the church.

There'll be at least a dozen other weddings taking place on that day (it's a Saturday, I see), and it's fatally easy to make a mistake. The trouble is that bridal parties, like Negroes and Chinese, all look so terribly alike. Why, I remember on one occasion," the Uncle continued, "getting right through the Wedding March, taking my place in the porch photographs, then finding myself in a hired car full of aunts and half-way to Hackney Wick before I discovered I was in the wrong show."

"I suppose there's bound to be a lot of confetti and so on," said the Nephew.



"I don't think we'll have to look very far to suit you, Mr. Henderson."

"Depends on the vicar," the Uncle replied. "The Church can be very militant about confetti. But there'll be beves of bridesmaids in iridescent rayon and Juliet caps, also hordes of uncontrolled children in fancy dress."

"I can't see the point of bringing children," said the Nephew.

"Quite frankly, neither can I," the Uncle agreed. "I can only suppose they're like the coffins at Ancient Roman banquets—to remind the happy pair of the horrors that lie ahead."

"It sounds not very different from any other wedding," said the Nephew.

"So far," said the Uncle, "but once the chore of church is over and the reception begins, the pattern of pleasure will really start to take shape. You'll have to square your shoulders, peg back your face in a happy grin and go at it for the rest of the day."

"But surely it won't last all that long?" said the Nephew.

"You'll be surprised," said the Uncle, "and the Attlee Institute will be a bit of a shock too. It's sure to be one of those depressing breeze-block buildings designed, it would seem, as a deliberate architectural challenge to any kind of enjoyment. It will be used mostly for dances, so will smell strongly of cigarette-ends and stale scent."

"You don't make it sound very enticing," said the Nephew.

"I'm merely warning you," admonished the Uncle, "not to be put off by appearances. Once you are inside and have downed your third Purple Temptress Ready-Mixed Cocktail you won't notice it any more than the other guests will."

"I always find it so difficult to know what to talk about at weddings," said the Nephew. "I usually find myself landed with someone I don't know and whose name I've been quite unable to catch."

"That will present no difficulty here," said the Uncle. "You'll find yourself chatting happily to the strangest of strangers and, in any case, conversation will be virtually impossible because of the noise."

"The noise?"

"To-day's Ruling Class," the Uncle explained, "have been nurtured on noise—the whirring and whining of factory machinery all day, and after that, unrelentingly and unremittingly until sleep brings oblivion, the B.B.C. Light

Programme. Silence isn't golden to them, it's leaden nerve poison. That's why you'll find the radio-gramophone will be at full blast from the moment you arrive; or, as this is to be rather a swell affair, there may be a three-piece ensemble tearing off some *morceaux* of Ivor Novello. It will go on right through the ham and salad."

"It will be a proper meal?" the Nephew asked.

"And as it will be long past two and you'll have had no lunch you'll be glad of it," the Uncle replied. "Only after that will the music be stilled and the speeches begin."

"Will there be many, do you think?"

"Quite a number, but you needn't pay any attention except to be ready with a good hearty laugh for the jokes, but you can usually see them coming ten miles off. You have to be careful, though, not to let fly during the more serious passages—memories of the bride as a girl—references to the bridegroom's mother (she'll be in tears, of course), and there'll be something said about her not losing a son but gaining a daughter."

"As she has nine other children, all girls, I don't think that will comfort her much," the Nephew remarked.

"That won't matter," said the Uncle. "It's the beauty of the thought that counts. Anyway, tears will be forgotten once the dancing begins."

"Dancing?" inquired the Nephew.

"Most certainly," the Uncle replied, "until midnight and after—bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, neighbours and friends—from-the-other-side-of-London, all of them."

"But surely the bride and bridegroom will have left on their honeymoon," said the Nephew.

"Not until the following morning," the Uncle replied. "After all, it's their party. Why should they miss the fun?"



So as the daylight through the cotton-curtained windows fades and the remorseless strip-lights are switched on, Purple Temptresses will give way to wallop (light ales for the ladies, of course). The bridesmaids will lose their Juliet caps and there will be dancing, dancing, dancing, until you've missed the last trolleybus and have to share a bed-settee with three rather drunk uncles. You'll never have had so much concentrated enjoyment in your life before."

But the Nephew was looking perturbed.

"Anyway," said the Uncle encouragingly, "it will be a great experience."

Old-Time Moujik-Hall

Broadcasting over Moscow Radio on his visit to Scotland, a Soviet writer commended "Glasgow Belongs To Me."

I BELONG to Moscow, dear old Moscow town,
I was someone who mattered in Moscow
when a Czar could wear a crown,
Now I'm all on the side of the working
chap,
As everyone has to be,
But when I go on vodka and cut out the
samovar
Moscow belongs to me. F. L. M.

Forthcoming publication of the Junior Express and Junior Mirror is announced. A Junior

The JUNIOR EXPRESS believes in Happiness, Fun, plenty of Sweets and the Biggest Circulation in the World.

OPINION

YOUR WORLD

LOOK around. Children everywhere. Children who need their own grand newspaper. The Junior Express is for them. For YOU. To help fight your battles against the world of grown-ups who do not always understand.

The regular reader of the Junior Express will have more pictures, articles, poems, quizzes, news, features, sport, strips, model-making, prizes, adventure and laughter than the reader of ANY OTHER JUNIOR NEWSPAPER.

And above all he (or she) will BELONG.

EVERYONE HAS TO GROW UP

WHY baby-sitters? Your parents, though they maybe do not realize it, are spending money that could buy you new toys and pretty dresses on something quite different. On baby-sitters.

Baby-sitting is what grown-ups call a ramp, and it ought to stop. Does any Junior Express reader honestly believe that he would not be better off without that strange "Auntie" downstairs night after night? Of course not.

Baby-sitters must go!

IF YOU WERE A LITTLE PRINCESS

IT takes all sorts to make a world, and getting to know all those sorts is what we call experience.

Let us see our royal children at hopscotch with their subjects everywhere!

PRATTLING POINT

The child is father to the man.
—Lord Beaverbrook

CHAPMAN SPANKER is a scientist. That means a person who knows everything. This week he tells you all about

The OTHER KIND OF BROWNIE

I EXPECT you think Brownies are your lucky little-girl friends who hope to grow up into Tawny Owls one day, just as you are going to be a great big Scout-master if you are a Cub. But Brownies are fairies, too. Did you know that?

There are all sorts of fairies, and perhaps you are sometimes asked if you believe in them. Do you? Now you will want to ask me if I do!

Well, of course, nobody ever sees fairies, not even Brownies—who are the mischievous ones who trip you up on the stairs when you are carrying Daddy's stout up to him on a Sunday afternoon and he is reading the Sunday Express in bed.

But I think fairies exist, and here is why.

TREASURES **UNCLE DELVER** writes about the militaristic toys being given to German kiddies.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CRUSADER—exciting new picture-strip by Goings.

THE GATT HORROR—grand new serial yarn.

A HELICOPTER a boy can make.

Long, long ago the world used to be very unhappy. Mummies and Daddies had to work very hard for not very much money and little boys and girls had thin legs called rickets with not having very much to eat.

But nowadays everybody has ice-creams and boots and the television and is as happy as the day is long. This is because the world was full of mischievous Brownies in the

had old days, but now the elves and pixies have taken over everything.

You see, I think it is people who are fairies really, in a funny sort of way. You can be a good fairy if you try. So can I.

(Next Week: HOW YOUR BABY BROTHER WAS MADE)



JUNIOR POST

Her Birthday Treat

FOR her birthday my six-year old sister asked to go and see the black glass palace in Fleet Street. Last year we went to see some funny men from the British Council who sang songs in a foreign language, but we thought this was nicer.

—JOAN MITCHELL (aged 9), St. James's Mansions, N.W.6

This letter wins our weekly prize of a toffee apple. Other letters on page 7.

A BURGESS AND MACLEAN DOLL for you!



ALL you have to do is guess what happened to Mr. Burgess and Mr. Maclean, and where they are now. The winning

entry will appear exclusively in the Junior Express, and the lucky winner will receive a postal order for 7s. 6d. for ALL British Serial Rights! In addition there will be numerous consolation prizes of Burgess and Maclean dolls. Send your entry on a postcard to Burgess and Maclean, Junior Express, E.C.4.

WHAT OTHER KIDDIES THINK

HE'S OLD BUT HE'S IN-VIN-CIBLE

Hi, kids, see what it says in this week's Beagle, in the column called "From the Editor":

BEAGLE welcomes a new rival on the bookstalls this week. It's called the Junior Express, and it was invented by Lord Beaverbrook.

We're pretty sure BEAGLE can hold its own against the Junior Express, but you've got to take your hat off to a chap who gets such jolly good ideas when he's so jolly old.

So we say, Well done, Lord Beaverbrook!

Quote of the Week comes from yesterday's Tot's Own:

What is it that gets young-er as oth-er things get old-er? Lord Bea-ver-brook, be-cause he has been writ-ing for grown-ups for for-ty years and has now start-ed to write for chil-dren. Ha, ha! Try this on your friends.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT DONCASTER



"When The Times bring one out it's bound to be 4d. and it'll be a case of strike action or a rise in pocket-money."

Grown-ups' Corner

The unidentified bodies of three middle-aged women, roped together with electrical flex, were washed up on the beach at Dungeness last night. The arms of two had been severed and the legs of a third. All were decapitated. They are thought to be the "missing brides" of last week's postponed triple wedding at Droitwich.

Times is awaited and plans for a Junior News Chronicle are expected next year.

Junior Mirror

SHE FOUND ARMS AND LEGS IN OLD TRUNK

FORWARD WITH THE KIDDIES

JUNIOR MIRROR REPORTERS

It's All YOURS

AND here it is, kiddies! Your own picture newspaper at last. If Mum and Dad get it first remember it is **YOUR PAPER**, and ask for it back. Do not **SNATCH**, of course!

It is grand to be young, and don't you forget it. In fact, we shall not let you. We mean to remind you always, with grand photos and yarns of what Britain's healthy youngsters are up to.

Robbed Old Ladies

We mean, too, to try and make better kiddies of you all. Every week on the back page we shall print our "Dunce's Corner," with names of all boys and girls who have derailed trains, burned down schools, robbed old ladies and gentlemen or put home-made bombs in teacher's desk.

Of course, we do not say that if you do **NOT** behave, we shall tell your paper-shop not to let you have your "Junior Mirror" regularly.

But we shall think far, far more of readers who do **NOT** play over drains, or blow frogs up with straws, or "cheek" the probation officer.

And remember you can be an influence for good, once you try. Ask Mum if she washed **HERS**?

(Another hard-hitting Editorial next week!)



MOLLIE RAMPE, 9 (above) ate 47 doughnuts yesterday. "I was trying for 50" she says.

LOVE-NEST IN KENSINGTON

Whatever do you think Polly Eccles, six, saw when she peeped into the lounge of the pretty maisonette where she lives with her Auntie Clara, thirty-four, in a cul-de-sac (Ooh, what a big word!), just off Kensington Square? Yes, Georgette, her pet budgie, had laid a beautiful round egg! Isn't nature wonderful?

ON OTHER PAGES

Young Codges
"Leave Love Till You're Older"
How to Paper your Playroom
"New Babies Have Soft Heads"
Strips (Pages 6-11)
This Week's Prayer
Make Your Own Space-Suit
Young Delinquents' Gallery,
No.1,
"The Boy Who Stole Guns"
Teenage Horoscope

LOLLIPOP FALLS THROUGH GRATING

Tots screamed and kiddies went into hys-ter-ies when Tommy Bagshaw, of Potter Hanworth, lost his grip on the lollipop a kind Mummy had just given him and saw it disappear down a grating. But Tommy, who would have been seven on Wednesday, has a **HERO** for his Daddy (see Sgt. Bagshaw's Talk to Boys, page three) and did not hesitate.

Grown-ups came to the rescue, and soon firemen, wearing their big black helmets, went down the sewer. They managed to save the lollipop.

KISSED GIRLS, MADE THEM CRY ALLEGATIONS

Christine, Rose and Doris were in tears when rescued by school-mates of Upper Norwood Congregational Mixed yesterday. They had been annoyed by a hulking, they said, choirboy.

George Porgy, 12, will appear in the Juvenile Court to-day.

OH, what a to-do there was when little Betty Uprichard (6), looking for somewhere to hide, lifted the lid of her mother's tin trunk at Ipswich last Friday and found her missing dolly's limbs sprawling inside.

Who had done this naughty thing?

"I know'd it was Dickie, cos there was sawdust on his rompers," lisped Betty shyly from behind her mother's skirts.

Dickie sucked his thumb and said nothing. He is a sturdy boy with flaxen curls and, later, showed me his collection of bicycle chains.

Mrs. Uprichard is proud of her growing boy. "Dickie has always thought things out for himself," she told me. "I'm only a housewife, but I know he'll get into Daddy's big Mirror by the time he is so high."

She Was Grumpy

Mrs. Uprichard put out her hand as she spoke, indicating the height of one of those funny little furry kinkajous you may have seen at the Zoo. But Dickie's **NANNY** was not altogether pleased with his exploit. "The idea!" she said to me to-day.

If **YOU** have ever pulled the arms OR legs off your sister's dolly, send **FULL PARTICULARS**, with photos if you have any, to "Editorkins, Junior Mirror," marking your envelope "Trunk." Two-and-sixpence will be paid for the most workmanlike job.



TELL YOUR DADDY TO BUY THE DAILY MIRROR

If he asks you why, tell him that four million other daddies do. If he asks you why, he's just being tiresome.

Occupied France

By LORD KINROSS

VILLEFRANCHE-SUR-MER

THE town is Occupied once more. A long, low warship, complex in structure, lies at anchor in the bay. From a procession of expensive, silent launches she unleashes on to the quays packs of white-slacked sailors, who scatter in a moment to hunt in pairs through the burrow-like alleys and den-like bars of this clambering hive of a port. An outlandish species, pale-faced, loose-limbed, with a strange, slurred lingo and a gangling gait, they differ curiously from the neat, taut, bronze-skinned natives who watch them, as they have watched other Occupiers before, with an alert, keen-eyed detachment. Meanwhile the town, for the duration, is theirs—an American port.

During the day they make a series of landings, in picnic bands, on the opposite shore, where they swagger, with the confident slouch of their race,

along the crowded beaches, carrying dust-bins and cases of beer. Here, squatting in and around caves, they drink the beer and throw the cans in the dust-bins. Identified by names on their shirts—outlandish names like Radovitch, Nocticon, McMinshull and Pock—they play their native games: tossing dice, throwing horseshoes, hitting balls with truncheons and catching them with gloves. Or, like a school of white porpoises, with an occasional black one, they splash in the sea. Meanwhile, across by the harbour, the visitors in the cafés look no longer on the sea but on a line of sleek, dark cars, marked "Staff Sixth Fleet," which line the brink of it.

In the evenings the Occupiers swarm in the bars, streamlined and hygienically swept for their benefit, hospitably renamed the Montana, the Top Size Restaurant, or the New York Snack Hotel. Here they feed themselves, as

they down their liquor, with Bif Stek, Ham and Eggs or French Fried, to the sounds of their own native music, loud-spoken enough to make talk superfluous.

Notices in their native tongue remind them: "The tips, it's not included . . . In God we trust, Others pay cash . . . We have an agreement with the bank, They don't sell liquor and we don't make any loans." Lounging on bar stools, neon-lit, they strike instinctively sailors' poses, as though awaiting the Hollywood camera, while ladies of all ages, peroxided, with Hollywood perms, for the duration, steer them clear as they dance and prop them up as they droop, with the motherly concern of their kind.

One bar they pass by. Called, non-committally, the Union, it is frequented by the natives of the Occupied town. Murkily lit, with grubby, marble-topped tables and an unswept floor, it



"Surely there must be some other way you can get fresh air and exercise?"

offers no ham and eggs but a *plat du jour*, and *pommes frites* in the place of French Fried. A *patron* in overalls and a *patronne* in an ample, lace-frilled blouse pour out *vin rouge*, while a dignified matron, black-robed like a priest, with matted grey hair and wisps of beard, removes the empties and brings back fresh bottles.

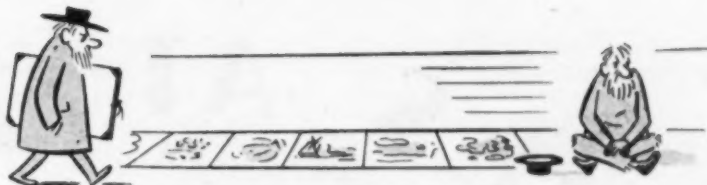
Three ladies, casually dressed, unprogressively unpermed and unperoxidized, exchange desultory talk with the fishermen. A child plays in the corner, a toby dog scavenges, and a radio, loud-speakerless, plays chirpy French music, permitting the talk to proceed. But all are a little silent, with a preoccupied glance over the shoulder. The Occupying forces, pausing outside, get a listless look, turn up a nose and stumble on.

At the bar drinks a gentleman who wants to sing. All want him to sing. The *patron* looks cautiously out into the street, to left and right, then, spying no strangers, discreetly shuts the door. At ease in this snug, secluded conventicle in the Occupied town, the singer sings, and the fumes of wine and *caporal* are seasoned with the rich, melodious, tenor strains of Verdi, caressing enough to beguile any Occupier. But only one enters, a fair, curly-haired youth, who opens the door gently, tiptoes in, sits down at a table and, in a whisper, orders an *eau-de-vie*. He feels at home here, he says later, for his mother was Irish, and the *patron*, in his overalls, smoking his pipe, is just like his "old man," who was born in Plymouth, England.

But zero hour approaches. Down on the quay the U.S. Naval Police await, like rangy sheep-dogs, the return of their litter to the long, low kennel of a ship. Armed with truncheons, lounging informally, they describe to the visitors the puppyish habits of their charges.

"There was a guy the other night, we had to wrap him around a seat to hold him."

Presently they start to appear, straggling uneasily down the wide cobbled steps, swaying a little, murmuring a trifle incoherently. On the quayside thoughtful natives have set up a stall, where they revive them with bottles of milk and soda. But for one, nodding and grinning to himself out of sight, they spill, still swaying, into the opulent launches, where suddenly, as though switched from one incarnation to



another, they sit erect and overawed, to be translated with hardly a sound across to the scowling, drinkless warship.

One morning she is gone. The Occupation is over. That evening the Union Bar is transformed. Its lights have brightened. Its air is all house-proud, swept and garnished, spick-and-span. Its menu has been re-written in clean white chalk; its tables are covered with clean white paper table-cloths; its three ladies wear clean white blouses. Gone is the listless, preoccupied look; gone the murky disguise which discouraged the Occupier. Through the ever-open door come welcoming smiles and sparkling chit-chat and the frequent strains of Italian opera. In the neighbouring bars French sailors, their ship

back home again, dance to French music with intricate steps and coquettish looks and lively, formal gestures. Gone are the ham-and-eggs and the Hollywood ladies—till the next Occupation.

The next Occupation is British.

A Bank for Brooks

"BREATHLESS we flung us on the windy hill";
The forecast had been bad: we wore galoshes
And lay on outspread, long-wear mackintoshes.
The grass, though tallish, seemed quite dry;—but still . . .

J. J. C.

NO PIPES AT THE PROM



HE Proms—or to give them their full title, the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts—are in the thick of a Diamond Jubilee. Shall we go along?

A pleasant buzz, a to-and-fro about that old beehive the Albert Hall, makes us quicken our pace. (How elegant, these days, is the Memorial with its cross-hatch of scaffolding!)

The worry is not about getting in but where to get in, and where to go next. So many levels attract, such corridors circling before and behind, that have known boxers and Hiawathans, the tramp of the W.V.S., the assurance "Millions now living will never die." A

scatter of applause starts us running. Of course, it may be only the first violin...

One pays most to sit nearest those who stand: their endurance, as of Christians in the arena, unflinching, pale, flushed, lapsed about a fountain, dreadfully heartens us. There are goldfish, too, in the fountain. Then behind, in three tiers, rise the boxes from which one can comfortably see and be seen; over these—highly serious, if tempting to programme-droppers—the balcony, whither I am bound; and round and above all, a top promenade or triforium, night-blue through its arches, where Echo haunts. The whole bursts on me together with Brahms' "Tragic Overture."

Being only just in time, like a late arrival for a photographic group, I fall at once into the general catalepsy. No

dappled deer in a shade or burglar by moonlight could be stiller; I daren't move, smile, or sigh; I seem quite under the spell. But why, when I chance a Prom, must it always be Brahms? That magician has a loose grip. He brings the most wonderful gift and keeps losing it in armfuls, in oceans, of brown paper. Crackle, crackle.

Inside my armour, between a rapture and a yawn, I'm beginning to wake up. Can't help myself. One toe ventures a beat. Stop it! Another pulses. Out of the rigid countenance (what, by the way, is that fly doing there?) the eyes start exploring like mice. At first they play about near home, down a trouser-crease, over the bald head in front, across someone's programme notes, and along the balcony rail.

With a dive they're off; I'm off, however much I may dissociate myself from such bat-wings or skylarking.

Joyously I hover, circle, and swoop. I peep into boxes where pink-and-white schoolgirls are packed like fondants or a frail Indian shrinks (so it seems) from a glistening butcher; I occupy the seat next a vision in rose; I ring round the angry score-reader and the yet angrier protester behind who hisses as each page is swept over; I pass Lady Macbeths in picture hats about to set off sleep-walking, a bride at the window, a thin-haired clerk at the end of a row turned away as *Le Penseur*.

But that's only the beginning. During the Third Symphony we all have space—with little chirps and squeaks which the listener at home may put down to atmospherics—to reconnoitre our wax-work ranks, explore the crimson-and-gilt East and the pale Wedgwood West, perch about the great organ, chase flying notes round the roof, whisper indelicacies to the black-coated attendant with folded hands, press our noses against the B.B.C.'s glass compartment, and even airily throng, as on a *Punch* cover, the London Symphony Orchestra.

A dinner-jacket may not seem the ideal costume for the parts they have to play, these actors of a passion by turns moody and tripping, but it has become as much part of music as the notes on the score. Brass is a bold fellow; wood-wind blows over sheep on a hillside or charms snakes; the fiddler cradles a babe, plucks at our heart-strings; double-basses initiate a donkey Derby; and at the back, with his goods on show, is our ironmonger.

Brahms has only one ironmonger; but after the interval modernism will contrive a row of ironmongers, all rising together, a heaven of harps, rallies of horns, bells, harness, and who knows what else. Stravinsky once thought of introducing scent-sprays, just the thing for a Prom, though their deployment might be difficult.

This evening there are no singers. Pity; they can add so much, especially during their long wait; six or seven of them, and one little chap who seems to sit on. How our hearts go out to him! He *should* sit on, and then at the end get up and bow with the others.

But back to Brahms: the vanloads of brown paper are joyously flung about, dived into, up comes the jewel, off it goes again, and in a perfect whirl of wrappings the Third ends.

Bravo! Bravo!

Those in the arena have shouted it for us. We clap, a little longer than need be. Interval and the bar, where nearly everyone crowds to talk excitedly and drink tea.

For the second half I go Promming. Martyrdom has taken its toll, and quite half of those left are seated on the floor or reclining: students on holiday and workers out of shops and offices, as many girls as men. A few seem to be starting on walking tours. But no beards, no bravado, and no tobacco haze.

I miss the pipes. Pipes are as necessary to a Prom as to Pan. Before the war everyone used to smoke furiously, especially for Wagner, and between movements there was a regular *feu d'artifice* of the indomitables lighting up and puffing away. Not to join in was to

label oneself no promenader. But now I see one pipe, which its owner makes no attempt to smoke but sucks meditatively.

Here, we are under the very shadow of music (a rather pale, pretty concerto by Alan Rawsthorne) and of the baton—our conductor. He plays Rawsthorne, but even more Hamlet or Solness with his back to us. Through the inexpressiveness of tails he must transmit abandon and delicacy, longings never satisfied, a pride often wounded to the quick; he must fly into transports and rages, lean over a brink, plunge, hack, stab, snatch in a strayed bassoon (out of his surreptitious study, it may be, of space fiction), summon a drum-beat from the dead, put out all sound. Henry Wood, whose effigy now looks over us, was a master of the *pianissimo*: with his baton he would make everything recede to a mere gnat-sound, his finger would be raised to his lips, his shoulders would hunch, and stricken, shaking his head and resisting the air, he would step back in a very ecstasy of dismay. His sweats horrified; the carnation saved. He was the Fourth B in person. The only protagonist of his stature to appear in the present season is Sir Thomas Beecham, making a first ambassadorial bow to Prom audiences.

Reeling, I wander off through the Park, where music would look and feel better, and where the Memorial scaffolding, I notice, rises to a height of ten feet above its monument. Can they mean to add something? The leaves sigh—a small bird darts across the water—I find myself humming—what? Brahms.

G. W. STONIER



The Dissolution of the Ministries

By G. M. TR*V*LY*N

From "History of England," 5th Edition (1994)

THE suppression of the departments of State, and the redistribution of their possessions, kept the emergency at bay until such time as Soames could hand over the problem to his successor. With the cost of the national insurance scheme rising year by year, it was clear that the insatiable demands of the Members of Parliament could not be met out of the ordinary revenue of the country. But no one expected, even from Soames, such a bold and unorthodox solution of the situation.

For a long period, but more especially since the election of the Socialist government of 1945, the ministries had been amassing tremendous wealth, either in property directly controlled by them, or through the agency of so-called "boards" or "authorities" which, though nominally independent, in fact owed allegiance to a guardian minister. Among the ministries wealthy in their own right, the two foremost were the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, whose head was *ex officio* Commissioner of Crown Lands and had complete liberty to dispose of requisitioned property in any way that might prove to his advantage, and the Ministry of Works, which, besides the valuable parklands that in those days stretched from Notting Hill Gate to Charing Cross, controlled the great possessions of the National Trust.

A formidable rivalry had sprung up earlier in the century between the heads of these departments. Dugdale, who was Minister of Agriculture in 1951, until his death in a duel at Crichel Down in 1954, was a strong-willed politician of aristocratic lineage, who was notorious for the unflinching support which he gave to his ruthless minions. Eccles, the Minister of Works, was a less dominating character, but he had a smooth and persuasive personality and in addition had acquired much popularity through the influence he had exerted to have the young Queen Elizabeth crowned at Westminster.

Chief of the property-owning authorities was the National Coal Board. Not content with the wealthy coal-mining areas in Scotland, Durham, South

Wales and elsewhere which they had annexed in 1946, this body had embarked on a policy of buying up large country houses and estates, either under the guise of using them as "regional headquarters" or for the purpose of opencast mining. Large sums of money were spent on these properties, sometimes in clear defiance of the laws of the time¹.

Other wealthy organizations were the Atomic Energy Authority (which had "cornered" the nation's entire stocks of fissionable material), the British Railways and the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The way in which these vast properties were returned to private ownership was a crime against democracy. For the wealth of the ministries belonged by right to the people, and should have gone to strengthen the position, first, of the national insurance undertaking, and second, of the Trades Union. This would have involved no change in principle, for when Churchill's government had disposed of the nationalized steel and transport industries in the 'fifties the assets raised by these transactions had indeed been placed at the disposal of the Exchequer for the

¹In one case where the facts had unfortunately come to light, legal proceedings were taken and a regional head of the National Coal Board was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment.

benefit of the nation as a whole. But in the corrupted currents of the world such a scheme for the enlightened conversion of these unexpected new assets seemed no more than a "pious hope." The Exchequer was empty and Members were clamouring for ever greater rewards, and a hasty sale of ministerial assets to syndicates of Greek and Japanese businessmen was the course adopted.

The government departments had not been good stewards of their property, for almost all were operating at a loss. In relation to their employees they were neither better nor much worse than private enterprises. But their operations almost without exception had left them with large and increasing deficits. And the encouragement of joint consultation and an enlightened programme of promotion according to merit had been shamefully abandoned in favour of what came to be known mockingly as "jobs for the boys."

There was, in fact, an arguable case for applying their ill-guarded wealth to other public purposes more suited to the new age before it was totally dissipated by the reckless way in which it was administered. But no advantage could possibly be gained by the selling into foreign bondage of great numbers of the people. Nor were the methods by which the transactions were carried out above criticism. There was nothing to be said for the public humiliation of the Foreign Secretary (he was given a peerage) or the conversion of Blenheim Palace into offices in return for a merely temporary relief from the importunings of the Members of Parliament. For it was obvious that these would break out again as soon as the cost of living had risen by a margin sufficient to lend a pale colour of justification to their greedy demands...

B. A. YOUNG



"Are you sitting comfortably?...
... Then I'll begin..."

"First Secretary, a cute business woman, four languages, experience market work, sales organization, staffing..."

The Public Ledger

O.K., honey, you're hired.

Lochaber Axes Optional

By MARSHALL PUGH



AM thinking, said the ancient Gael, that our Kinlochvaig Highland Games are the ones that a tourist like yourself would most appreciate.

He waited while I filled his glass, humming to himself, cutting black twist into his spoil-hardened hand. This was the story he told.

An honest lust for authenticity is slowly ruining the other Gatherings, making them straightforward, well-meaning and dull. Everywhere the stewards have grown sensitive and soft. Your London talk of the "Highland Gathering gimmick" has upset them. They have traced the tradition back to King Angus MacFergus and the eighth century. They are trying to recapture the simple, honest standards King Angus is supposed to have set.

Now the stewards of Kinlochvaig, searching history in their oblique Ardnamurchan way, can trace the games no farther back than Queen Victoria. They believe that Highland Games first began with a sudden whim which took the old Queen on Deeside. Kinlochvaig believes that is the tradition to respect.

On an Indian reservation you would want to see a war dance. English visitors to the Highlands want more for their money than authenticity can provide. And what are the Highlands but a great reservation of subsidy and sentiment? Kinlochvaig clings to custom, in the various shades of meaning of the word. That custom has been known and loved ever since charabancs harried across the Highland Line. At the other Gatherings are the innovators.

O the romance of it, making the Highland heart sing in the soft air under Sgurr Vaig! Take the March of the Clansmen, led by Donald Macdonald in his old Boys Brigade kilt of the Campbell weave. He looks every inch the diesel mechanic that he is. The other clansmen, fierce and dour on their charge up the brae to the Co-op, are on two shillings an hour, half a crown if it is wet. When the road is treacherous Lochaber axes and claymores are optional.

And does it matter if most of the clansmen are Irish, resting from their hydro-electric labours? They are Celts

for all that, and a fine body of men. Arriving as they do before the athletes, they have first pick of the kilt wardrobe, hired from the same Oban haberdasher every year.

Kinlochvaig will have none of this affectation of banning girl dancers, or telling them what is Woman's traditional wear. Marigold Flynn comes in the short MacGregor hunting kilt of her own design, all the way from her home in the Gallowgate of Glasgow. What Highland man would turn her away? Only once has she lost, winded by her home-made medals in the Reel.

Callum Campbell, himself, plays for her. At first he stands, mournfully fingering, like Duncan ban Macrimmon searching for a little lament that he had lost. Then Callum raises his head proudly, fills his cheeks for the first dance and breaks into the savage rant of "Jack Tar."

His brother Rory has a subtle, musical ear, the joy of the pipe band judging tent. The judges, as you might know, are in a closed tent, forced to award their points to unnamed bands by ear alone. Five successive versions of "The Lament for the Harp Tree" tend to confuse the non-musical mind. Only a wee, delicate warning quaver of a grace note from the pipes outside alerts Rory when the band which must win is playing.

Artistic direction of the results must never be mistaken for rank dishonesty. What visitor would want to see some Lowland piping rabble win and smile like dog-fish in their triumph?

The professional travelling athletes from the south decide amicably among themselves who will win. There is little Kinlochvaig can do about it. The athletes meet in secret in the Mishnish, our only licence, its name meaning "The



Eric Burgen



Sanctuary of the Young Deer." These athletes travel all summer. Desperate these athletic Lowlanders, foreigners and Englishmen can be when there are too few lenient Highland Gatherings to give them all a purse in turn.

Once there was talk of Murdoch Macrae, the policeman, investigating the whole business. But salmon poaching was rife at the time. Murdoch was busy, pestered silly, being the only tall enough man to lead a salmon net across deep water at dead of night.

In my day I was a wild wit of a man. When the caber is too long to throw, an end is sawn off. Laughing merrily, I would throw the sawn-off end. Whirling the heavy hammer, like an advertisement for porridge, I would forget to let go and pretend to win the long jump. I knew all the grand old Gathering jokes, untarnished by time.

Now I am old and only a guide, studying the needs of my customers. There are the Lowland intellectuals of the Scottish Renaissance, so called. They come on holiday to our Gathering, freed from their labours of translating Dostoevsky into Lallans in the Edinburgh bars. They are experts on the Highlands, by their way of it. I must be careful of my accent in the Gaelic when I talk to them.

The bulk of the visitors are English of the better class. Some are dressed for stalking. Some are dressed for motor racing meetings. Some are in the kilt or tartan skirt. On the whole they are puzzled, expressionless yet anxious, like wandered sheep. I must be careful to assure them that the locals are understanding and enjoying the mysterious goings-on. The Americans, coming from their various clan societies and

travel agencies, are better briefed than myself.

The night is wholly Highland. The last laden charabanc goes, lowing, over the hill. The caber, with its many sawn-off pieces, is returned to the Forestry Commission. The moon flits on black rock and abandoned paper periscopes. The burn of Sgurr Vaig is crooning the sadness that no Macrimmon chanter ever caught.

In the Mishnish the Kinlochvaig Games Ball has begun, well before midnight. The brooding glen quickens to "Jealousy," with two accordions, Callum's pipes and Drum-major McAskill on the sticks, for the first tango.

Wholly Highland right enough. It is the other Gatherings that are the deviationists, not us.

Exiles

WHERE the out-of-fashion Kings
Stiffly wait for their recall,
Shuffling cards the nobles left

Before their fall,

There is sand as warm as buns,

There is sea as strong as spice,

There is cliff-fall robin-red;

But they dice.

Listlessly the Chamberlain

Loses, wins and loses back.

The view is hidden by a pile

Of baggage black.

Green and polished in the sun

Gilt-trimmed convents shine like
Follies.

Clinker-built, the turtles blue

Move by seashore stars and jellies.

Sun flakes skin and wood and rock.

Air stings thigh and wrist and chin.

Prussian-blue the sea flows inwards.

Virtue melts to sin.

In the shuttered hotel salons

Curtseys, protocol and snuff

Make the heavy lagging minutes

Warm and tasteless as a muff.

Choice cigars and fine old linen,

Toothpicks, monograms, bay rum,

Fence the monarchs from the seaweed,

From the flotsam and the scum,

From the sharply denting shingle,

From the gull's demanding cry,

From the smoke on the horizon,

From the weather in the sky.

R. G. G. PRICE



"It looked just like a mirage!"



"And in your team for Australia, Sheila, you've got five opening batsmen, only one left-hander and not a single decent first-slip."

Sunday in New York

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

I HAVE been asked—as a matter of fact it was my own idea, but it sounds better that way—to say a few words on the New York Sunday, and, of course, I am only too delighted. It is a subject on which I can speak with authority. Man and boy, I suppose I have passed a matter of eight hundred and eighty Sundays in New York, so if I am not entitled to rank as an expert, it would be interesting to know who is. At parties people often nudge one another as I go by. "Wodehouse," they whisper. "Most intelligent fellow. Knows all about Sunday in New York."

The first thing that happens is the arrival of the Sunday papers. I find them outside my door and carry them in bit by bit. I can remember the days when I could lift a whole *New York Sunday Times*, exulting in my strength; but no longer. Age has taken its toll, and I consider it pretty good now if the flaccid muscles can support the Travel and Happy Holidays section.

A man I know was complaining to me the other day that though the New York Sunday papers each weigh between a quarter and a third of a ton there is never anything to read in them. It appears, he said, to be one of Nature's laws that in America nothing ever happens on Saturday. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday a vast activity prevails throughout the continent, with Sugar Daddies Surprised in Love Nests, Fiends with Hatchets Slaying Six, Hundred Million Dollar Imported Cheese Scandals Laid Bare and, of course, Tommy Manville getting married again, but on Saturday there is a general lull. He told me he had given up bothering to look at the 152-page News Section.

I said he was crazy and, to show him how replete with excitement this mass of papyrus was, read him some of the hotter headlines:

"AIR CADETS VISIT CITY
GERMAN CHURCHMEN VISIT CITY

ANGLICANS VISIT CATHEDRAL
2000 CHILDREN ENTER FISHING
CONTEST

WESTCHESTER ROAD WORK UNDER WAY"

It was here that his interest began to quicken. I heard him give a sudden gasp.

"Under way?"

"That's what it says."

"Westchester road work under way?"

"So the story runs."

"Gosh! Read me more!"

"EXILED PRESIDENT OF SYRIA HOME"

He drew a deep breath. His eyes were glistering.

"I take it all back," he said. "I'm all of a twitter. Just think! But for the untiring work of these reporters with their nose for news I should never have known about the exiled President of Syria, and I've been worrying myself sick for weeks, wondering what ever became of him."

The papers carry us through the morning. By lunch time we have devoured every word of that scoop—or "beat" as we say over here—about the two thousand children entering for the fishing contest, and have read the 100-page Business, Gardening, Travel, Drama, Books, Sport and Real Estate Sections. A simple meal, and we are all ready for our afternoon saunter in Central Park.

Sunday afternoon is Nature Lovers' Day in Central Park. On every side you may see happy families strolling hither and thither, enjoying the summer air with its bracing tang of exhaust fumes and doing their little bit to add glamour to the picturesque scene by strewing paper bags, empty ice-cream cones, banana-skins and beer-cans on the verdant grass. Pop contributes a half-smoked cigar, Mom a bottle, Junior a nut chocolate wrapper and Sister a wad of chewing-gum. It is like something out of Theocritus.

A thing I miss these days is the Sacred Concert. It was the great feature of the New York Sunday before the first World War, being the only form of entertainment the authorities, whose views were a little on the austere side, would allow. These Sacred Concerts, if I remember rightly, usually took place in the Winter Garden or at the Palace and began with some devotional exercises by Professor Wilkinson's Almost Human Seals, followed by the Hoopla Troupe, Acrobats Extraordinary, and Vokes and Dooley, the Somewhat Different Cross-Talk Comics. Then came Mick, Mac and Mabel in their Merry Melange of Hoofing and Hilarity, Freddie Fitzgibbon, the Personality Kid, and so on through Vosper the Ventriloquist and the Brothers Alonzo with their Jaunty Juggling to Sidney Sterling and Co. in the dramatic sketch, "She Was Only a Fireman's Daughter."

You are probably saying that this sounds very like a vaudeville show, but you are wrong. The celebrants wore their ordinary clothes. That, the authorities had decided, was the acid test. If you do your stuff in a green wig, purple dress clothes and a scarlet top hat, you are a vaudeville act. Stick to mufti and you become a sacred concert. When Vokes inquired of Dooley the identity of the lady with whom he had seen him walking down the street, he

was clad in blue serge. And when Dooley—quick as a flash—replied that his female companion was not a lady but his wife, he did it in a quiet herring-bone tweed with an invisible twill. It was all very devout.

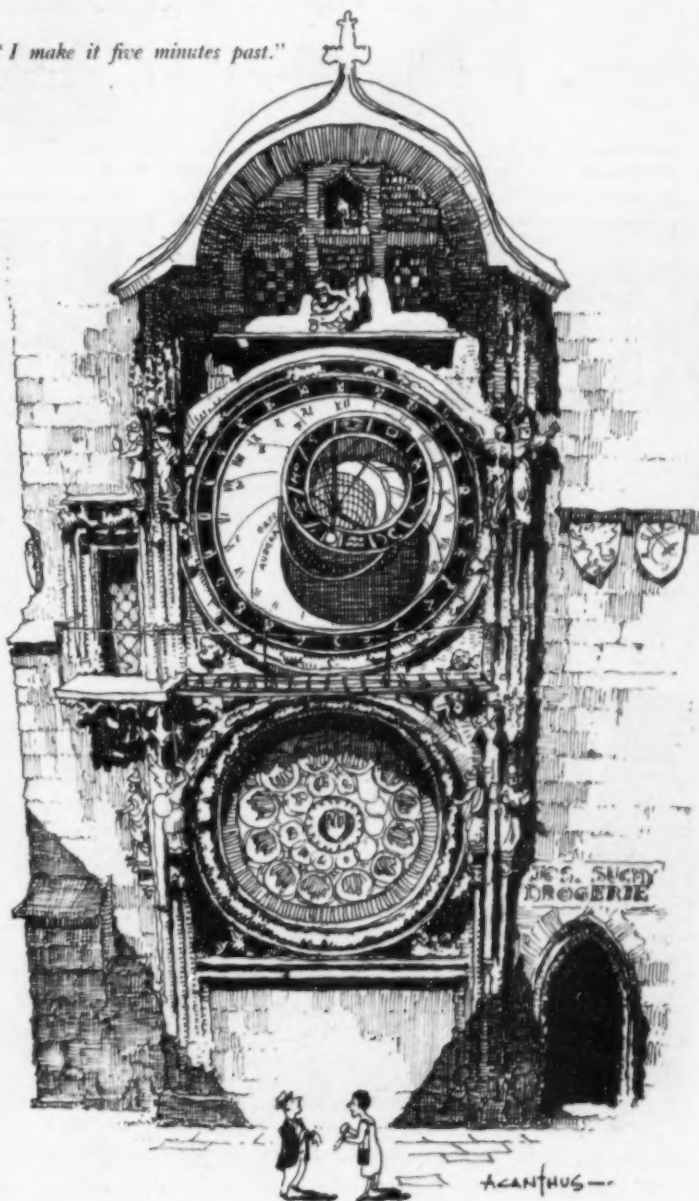
But nowadays these fine distinctions have been eliminated and, as regards entertainment, Sunday night is just like any other night. Broadway is a-glitter with a million lights (a broken heart going, of course, with each), and a

hundred movie houses fling wide their gates and are thronged with eager audiences. At least, they would be thronged if the audiences were not all sitting at home over the television set.

And so the Sabbath wears to its end, and we all go back to the office and rest for six days, storing up health and strength against another Sunday.

One last word. New York on Sundays smells just as bad as on week-days.

"I make it five minutes past."

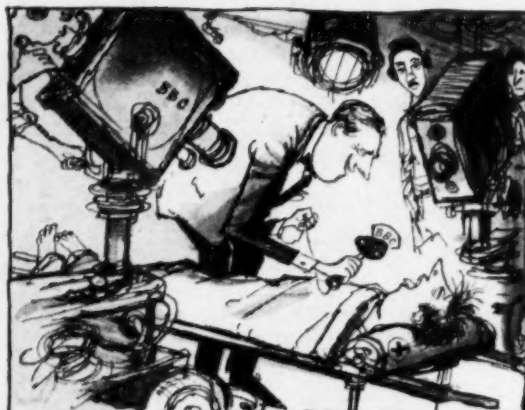


The Rake's Progress : The Athlete

By RONALD SEARLE



1. **PROMISE** Wins egg and spoon race at Central School sports. Takes job in a cement factory. Ramps home in works paper chase



2. **SUCCESS** Joins Fulham A.C. Paces crack miler in attempt on world record. Praised for selflessness. Appears in "In Town Tonight"



3. **TRIUMPH** Wins Mile of Century in Olympic Games. Laps aging Zecopak in Bucharest. Edits Boys' Book of Athletics. Marries Australian hurdler



4. **TEMPTATION** Paid £50 to sponsor underwear advert. Suspended by A.A.A. Accepts athletic scholarship at Yale



5. **DOWNFALL** Tries baseball. Tries Rounders. Too old at 30. Sells Olympic Medal. Returns to England as stoker on a Guano boat



6. **RUIN** Plight revealed by article in "News of the World". Offered night watchman's job in Durham. Runs for train. Expires



BOOKING OFFICE

The Times of Van Wyck Brooks

Scenes and Portraits. Van Wyck Brooks.
Dent 25/-

MR. VAN WYCK BROOKS, born 1886, is—if one may say so—one of the few American literary critics of distinction. In these memoirs of his early years he glides painlessly through the period before the first World War, explaining, by showing the life he led and the people he knew, how he came to be the man he is. To-day, he is well known for having written the literary history of America in many volumes. But it was not always so. These things come by degrees. Modestly, though not without a somewhat Jamesian humour, he records his story.

The background was the old Anglo-Dutch America, ancestors connected with the War of Independence and the world of Rip van Winkle. There was not a great deal of money. To make up for that was a strong sentiment that business life was all wrong in the United States, and that what mattered was to come to Europe; if necessary to exist there in cultivated poverty.

Mr. Brooks describes with great good nature what must at times have been decidedly trying hack work in which he participated to earn a living in England, a country to which he felt strongly drawn. He has some interesting things to say about the fashionable romanticism of his day that largely carried him through: "One of the unfathomable mysteries to me has always been the *zeitgeist* that causes young men of an epoch to act in the same fashion, to follow the same way of life without knowing one another or even

discussing their tastes or their hopes or their plans. With a subterranean understanding between contemporaries who have never compared notes, who have never met, they seem to behave as instinctively as birds in a flock, and many of the young of my time and even of the decades that followed had a 'sentimental reverence for sordid things.'"

This *nostalgie de la boue* was no doubt to some extent a reaction from the primness of a small town in New Jersey. The town was called Plainfield, a name that the author records "used to mortify me in my hyperæsthetic youth"—until he discovered that Tolstoy's *Yasnaya Polyana* meant the same thing in Russian. One of the several Civil War generals residing there, observing a neighbour in the post office licking a postage stamp, protested: "Mrs. Perkins, that is something I never expected to see a lady do in public."

Mr. Brooks has some amusing things to say about the books that started him off on his interest in pictures; hand-books which included "a descriptive list of the 'twelve great masterpieces of painting.' Why twelve, and why just these—among them Paul Potter's 'Bull'?" One was expected to believe that a certain statue in the Lateran museum was 'the finest statue in the world,' as one picture was 'the second-finest altar piece'; yet the list of the 'twelve masterpieces' was, in fact, no more absurd than Somerset Maugham's enumeration of the 'ten greatest novels.'"

The Swiss diarist, Amiel, is a great favourite of Mr. Brooks, and, indeed, Amiel's curious mixture of imaginative vision and sound common sense is

sometimes reflected in his own pages. Inevitably the *zeitgeist* led him to the political nostrums of the period, and once more—as so often in reading memoirs of this sort—one cannot help feeling mild surprise that it never seems to have struck the author that the nineteenth-century revolutionaries who wanted to turn the world upside down would get their way and turn the world upside down. Theirs, after all, is the universe we are now enjoying. What they plotted has now to a great extent come to pass. The forced-labour camps stretch from Prague to Mukden and the Tropic of Cancer to the White Sea. This, surely, is largely the result of liberally-minded intellectuals collaborating in the past to chip away the old Europe for which they now feel such nostalgia.

The book's unemphatic, conversational style is excellently adapted to what it describes. Some of the celebrities have become a bit faded; some of the more obscure persons emerge, blinking, into the light. Although he shows himself chiefly through others, a portrait of the author slowly takes shape as we turn the pages. Dealing to a considerable extent with Europe, *Scenes and Portraits* contains much that is of value in understanding America.

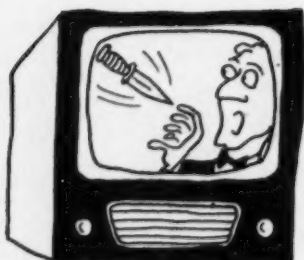
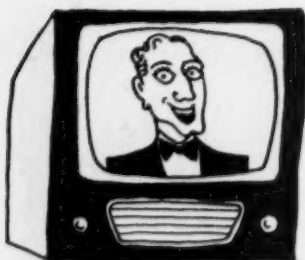
ANTHONY POWELL

Without Pretence

Mark Lambert's Supper. J. I. M. Stewart.
Gollancz, 10/6

Mr. J. I. M. Stewart, known to detective-story readers as Michael Innes, has now written a straight novel under his own name. His admirers will be glad to know that the chief difference between the two categories is the absence of bodies. This is an ingeniously plotted tale about the investigation of an obscurity in the life of a great novelist by his daughter. It is a Jamesian episode described in the Michael Innes style. Nothing could be better entertainment, more readable, more gaily determined to risk charges of slickness, vulgarity and unregulated versatility in the interests of fun. Women dons at Oxford, Florence, the B.B.C.,





flying, the American in Europe, the generations in scholarship, Mr. Stewart will tackle anything.

It would be a pity if he should not receive the praise that is his due for treating the psychology of novel-writing ingeniously and subtly because he has also treated it readably. When so many novels are more portentous than their contents warrant it is a great pleasure to find one that is so much less. This is a confidence-trick in reverse. R. G. G. P.

Minor Works: Jane Austen. Edited by R. W. Chapman. *Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press, 21/-*

This collection, devotedly edited by Dr. Chapman, leaves one with increased admiration for a writer who had so much self-discipline. Jane Austen carried names, characters and situations from her earlier attempts into her more mature works, but she ruthlessly pruned the knockabout comedy. The fragment *Sanditon*, unfinished at her death, shows how great was her temptation to lose reality in ridicule; though it is impossible not to feel kindly towards the egregious Mr. Parker when one reflects how charming the seaside town Sanditon, "developed" between Trafalgar and Waterloo, must have been.

Lady Susan is a brilliant sketch of a harpy who seems to have strayed in from *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, a Madame de Merteuil with no Valmont worthy of her mettle. The oddities in this volume include friends' opinions of *Emma* and *Mansfield Park*. Many praised them or offered rational criticism, but a Mrs. Digweed was made of sterner stuff. She did not like *Emma* as well as the others, "in fact if she had not known the author could hardly have got through it."

V. G. P.

London Symphony. Hubert Foss and Noël Goodwin. *Naldrett Press, 18/-*

The story of the London Symphony Orchestra is the story of orchestral music-making in England for the past fifty years. There are other fine orchestras, of course, but none has played a greater part in the establishment of high standards of professional integrity, none has been more anxious to give new British compositions a hearing and none has been more constantly associated with great musical events than the L.S.O.

To turn these pages is to capture a vivid image of high doings—"Three Choirs" Festivals, famous first performances, legendary conductors, Glyndebourne, foreign tours and the like—set against the human everyday happenings of a body of musicians to whom the orchestra was a way of life, not just a job.

From its first concert, under Richter in June 1904, to its present-day Beethoven recitals so brilliantly directed by Josef Krips, the L.S.O. has travelled a difficult but rewarding road—on one of the lesser milestones of which is the surprising inscription "In 1916 Weber's *Oberon* aria 'Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster' was sung by none other than Miss Edith Evans."! J. D.

Assignment to Catastrophe. Vol. 1: Prelude to Dunkirk. Major-General Sir Edward Spears. *Heinemann, 25/-*

What emerges so starkly from General Spears' book is that the fall of France in 1940 was no mere misfortune. The Army broke; the civil population stood listlessly by; the political leaders were driven by jobbery and self-interest; the military leaders were puppets, aged, ill-informed and apathetic. All this General Spears, a lifelong friend of France, saw with painful clarity, and his account of it has an acuter poignancy than any previous account of the period has ever suggested.

The close friend of many of the French



"Well, it's like this—I blame atom bombs for the weather, and the weather for Compton's knee."

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leaders, General Spears, in his appointment as Churchill's direct liaison officer with Reynaud, was in a matchless position to observe events on the personal level; and his story, lit up on almost every page by some keen feat of observation cunningly reduced to a couple of telling phrases, is fascinating and moving.

The naïve imitation of the layout of Sir Winston Churchill's war history, complete with long chapter-headings and lacking only the curly "drop-initials" where the chapters begin, indicates fairly clearly where the writer's paramount loyalty lies. B. A. Y.

The Golden Waterwheel. Leo Walmsley. *Collins, 12/6*

In what is described as an autobiographical novel, Leo Walmsley has written a happy book which is concerned with the simple things of life and in which he evinces an undisputed gift of ability to hold the reader with detailed descriptions of country scenes and people. With £300 in the bank the author with his wife and two children decide to leave Cornwall and set up house afresh on a less primitive scale in Yorkshire where he had spent his childhood and had many friends. The spot that he and his wife had envisaged as eminently suitable was not available and they had to be content with forty acres of second best a short distance away which took all the capital they had.

The modifications to their building plans to fit in with their resources and the apparently almost trouble-free developments are all described with such facile expression that one gets the impression that the difficulties have been skipped over. Whether the author is describing a fishing expedition, a rainstorm, snow-storm or his efforts to get inspiration to start or continue his literary efforts, the reader is forced by his sheer joy of living to share his experiences. A. V.

Fabulous Chicago. Emmett Dedmon. *Hamish Hamilton, 25/-*

Seen from this side of the Atlantic, Chicago seems to represent the best and worst of American civilization. It is savage and enterprising, corrupt and generous, self-confident and wistful, grim and gay. Mr. Dedmon has the American knack of being entertaining without

being superficial, and his cheerful collection of episodes and illustrations throws light on more than the rise of the greatest market town in the world.

His material, of course, is wonderful: the great fire, the Columbian Exposition, Capone, Dreiser, stockyards, wheat, the municipal candidate who polled a thousand votes on a policy of "No gas, no water, no police," and Mrs. Potter Palmer, whose friends had to write for appointments and on arrival pass the scrutiny of twenty-seven underlings before being admitted to the minareted castle where she lived with her Monets, diamonds and world-famous furs. Mr. Dedmon's belief in the future integrity of his city's government seems to spring from a belief that respectability eventually accompanies financial progress. He regards gangsterism and bad paving as breaches of decorum.

R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY

Macbeth—The Matchmaker
All on a Summer's Day
(EDINBURGH FESTIVAL)

MACBETH is so often played as if it were merely a mysterious upheaval at Stoke Poges that it was well worth coming to Edinburgh to see it done as an honest-to-God Northern. Not all the knees in MICHAEL BENTHALL's production suggest the hard wear and tear of the glens, but the open stage at the Assembly Hall takes us back with conviction to the notorious discomforts of embattled castle life. It has grubby tattered curtains, that would have been the despair of our hostess if her mind had not been elsewhere, and a bearskin for a tablecloth; and the sword-swinging gentry not only move lustily but talk what satisfies me as a workable brand of Scots.

Mr. BENTHALL has made less use of the audience gangways than he did in his *Hamlet* last year, which sometimes became a marathon race calling for a special company of slow-breathers such as Roger Bannister. The focus now is much more on the stage, and when the action goes behind it, as after the arrival of Duncan and his staff, the sounds of a crowd of men meeting and gossiping are so cunningly arranged that one gets a vivid impression of an echoing barrack. With its bustle and movement *Macbeth* is a far more suitable play for this stage than *Hamlet*, and certainly the larger scenes gain from being studied in the round. The success of the smaller depends on the luck of the draw. From where I was sitting, for instance, Macduff's tragedy was masked by the burly figure of Malcolm; but most of the vital moments occur on the upper levels, where they are safely visible. I seldom felt—as I felt last year—that the Old Vic stage would bring immediate improvement. Surprisingly, this seemed a natural way to play *Macbeth*.

In this open treatment subtleties tend

to escape, but there is a kind of poster strength that comes from the proximity of the actors. Mr. BENTHALL taps it skilfully. PAUL ROGERS is a powerful, passionate *Macbeth*, finely spoken but always a feudal lord whose wits are much slower than his wife's. From the start he seemed to me a fellow to be avoided in a dark alley, and a fairly easy push-over for Lady M., which admittedly reduced the clash between virtue and ambition. It may be a less interesting reading of his character, but it is sound melodrama and considerably more credible in a man who has spent his life hacking his neighbours to pieces. ANN TODD's Lady *Macbeth* is a good foil to it—cold, tight-lipped, ruthless and rather frightening, a woman commanding in her own right. This is a very honest performance, only dimmed by a slight lack of variety in the voice. JOHN NEVILLE's Macduff stands out, excellent in speech and feeling; ROBERT HARDY's Duncan and ERIC PORTER's Banquo are both impressive, and if you like the other Porter LAURENCE HARDY makes him a rollicking comic. No shortage of brawny hangers-on. The witches clearly take an extra pleasure in loosing spells in the official centre of the Church of Scotland. Their signature tune has a freezing quality, and their immense cauldron, perfect for a cannibal pot-roast, is one of the many happy ideas translated by AUDREY CRUDDAS into her décor and dresses.

This week's second big production within the Festival proper is THORNTON WILDER's *The Matchmaker*, a farce with a history. It began life as JOHN OXENFORD's *A Day Well Spent*, first produced

in London in 1835; its next incarnation was in 1842, in Vienna; and, treated by Mr. WILDER, it returned to London before the last war as *The Merchant of Yonkers*. After all this coming and going it might be supposed to have reached its final form, but when it comes to the West End in the early autumn its chances will be greatly improved if at least twenty minutes are cut, for at present one is very conscious of four acts, and of parts of them dragging. The piece is easily good enough to deserve this extra revision. It starts a little ponderously, but quickly builds up a charm of its own, and is much better written than most modern farces.

The plot is tied to the two imperishable staples of the melting of a tyrant and the awakening of innocence. The tyrant is a rich merchant (America, the early 'eighties) who visits New York to seek a wife geared to his shameless frugality. The innocents are his two clerks, left behind to look after the store and arriving in the wake of their master primed with a sudden overwhelming desire to taste life. Mr. WILDER arranges for them to do so on a splendid scale, and in their wide-eyed introduction to simple pleasure there is an undercurrent of poetry which sometimes takes us unexpectedly outside the field of farce. A batch of richly eccentric characters help them on their path, which soon becomes hopelessly entangled with that of the tyrant. The best scenes are in a milliner's shop, where they go to ground under his nose, and in a restaurant, where the rival camps are only thinly divided by a screen. But the last act also has good moments, when a mad old lady who believes in love



Macbeth—MR. PAUL ROGERS

Lady Macbeth—MISS ANN TODD

receives the entire company in her flat and straightens everything out with hot baths and coffee.

Much is owed to the acting of ARTHUR HILL, as the senior clerk. Original and delicate, it is constantly funny with a touch of pathos that is enormously winning. One grows desperately anxious that this endearing hick shall enjoy every minute of his new life, transformed by the adoration of the milliner. And here there is another altogether delightful performance, by EILEEN HERLIE, whose casting in the sternly romantic has robbed us for too long of an enchanting comic actress. SAM LEVENE chips away confidently at the merchant's crust, to reveal a sentimental baby, and amusing minor oddities are taken surely by ESMÉ CHURCH, PATRICK MCALINNEY and PETER BAYLISS. Which brings us to the title-character, played by RUTH GORDON, the distinguished American actress. At this point something seems to have gone a trifle adrift with TYRONE GUTHRIE's otherwise admirable production. Miss GORDON is a past master of inconsequent burbling, and would have been impeccably cast as the bungling go-between who wrecks the merchant's chances and captures him herself, but for a decidedly sinister twist in make-up and manner which is out of joint with the lightness of the piece and, in fact, is never justified. All the same, her burbling is brilliant.

On its unofficial fringe the Festival is busier than ever, and for those endowed with stamina a brief late-night joy is provided by the London Club Theatre Group in *All on a Summer's Day*, a slight but pleasing musical diversion set

in an English garden about ten years later than Mr. Wilder's play. Young ladies; young gentlemen; an old lady; an old gentleman; a new moon. The influence of *The Boy Friend* is likely to promote further light research into the antics of our forefathers, and this Victorian instalment is gaily delivered.

ERIC KEOWN

Joy in the Morning (ASHBURTON)

It has been left to Ashburton, a place that only a true Devonian has ever heard of, to announce the world première of a new farce, *Joy in the Morning*, by P. G. WODEHOUSE. Ashburton is a market town with a population of some two thousand. Its theatre is the only one in Devon, and for that matter the only one in England, committed to the glorious policy of presenting new plays. With such high ideals it is only to be expected that the theatre itself should be a converted tithe barn, with a seating capacity of precisely one hundred. Miss MOIRA BABINGTON, the founder of this studio theatre and the producer of the play, assured me that the entire production had cost under £40. As to the cast, I was asked to believe that Piccadilly Jim was played by a farm labourer, and the male lead by a sanitary inspector. My credulity was not imposed upon. WODEHOUSE sets this farce in Hollywood and the main character is a disgruntled script-writer, with Piccadilly Jim as an attendant and inept butler. The dialogue bears all the marks of the author's dictation, lacking both punctuation and wit. In other words the play is bound to reach the West End eventually, and the most pessimistic of us

should now prepare for one or other of our knights to crack this empty safe. I discovered that WODEHOUSE gave this play to one of his fans at Teignmouth who, having lost £100 on an amateur production of light opera, wrote to WODEHOUSE for help.

Towards the end of the performance I was beginning to wonder whether it was a good thing for new plays to get a production irrespective of the actors' competence. I suspect that this company, in spite of their zeal, could stifle a play more effectively than any bottom drawer. Enthusiasm is not enough. The quality of the evening became somewhat bizarre when I found that I could not hear the actors' lines during the last act because a woman on my right kept muttering to herself. It was not improved, when, in desperation, I asked her if she would kindly keep silent, only to have her point out that the noise was caused by the dog beneath the seat.

RONALD DUNCAN



AT THE OPERA

Le Comte Ory

(KING'S THEATRE, EDINBURGH)

COMIC operas which have been accounted as dead as a doornail for a century rarely turn out on resurrection to be a laughing matter: yet this revival by the Glyndebourne company of ROSSINI's penultimate stage piece, with French text by SCRIBE, sent us home unbored and beaming.

Ory was sung by JUAN ONCINA, who, in the first act, lived in a pretty, trellised cave designed, as anybody with half an eye could see, by OLIVER MESSEL. In furtherance of his libertine purposes against the virtuous Countess Adèle, Ory pretended to be a hermit, wore a hook-on beard with shaggy Robinson Crusoe coat, and ogled outrageously while preaching to wimpled and infatuated townswomen. His arias, like those of Adèle, were as loaded with ornament and vocal gewgaws as a roulette stall on Hampstead Heath. Mr. ONCINA coped fluently on the whole. His big test was the duet with his page and love-rival, Isolier, *Une dame de haut parage*. There are several high C sharps here. He got no more than a toe-hold on some of them and did the rest in fluty falsetto. Still, one never had occasion to grimace.

Adèle was a severe case of thirteenth-century vapours. SARI BARABAS, the comeliest coloratura soprano on whom I ever focused opera-glass, moped and meandered elegantly from turret to turret of her moated castle and sang a highly acrobatic number rich in verbs of self-pity. We had *gémir*, *souffrir* and *se flétrir* at every verse end. At first her tone was smallish and touched with acid, but by the beginning of the second act all was well: her embroidery duet with Ragonde (MONICA SINCLAIR) had suavity and sunlight. This latter number, with its flavours of Donizetti and Bellini,



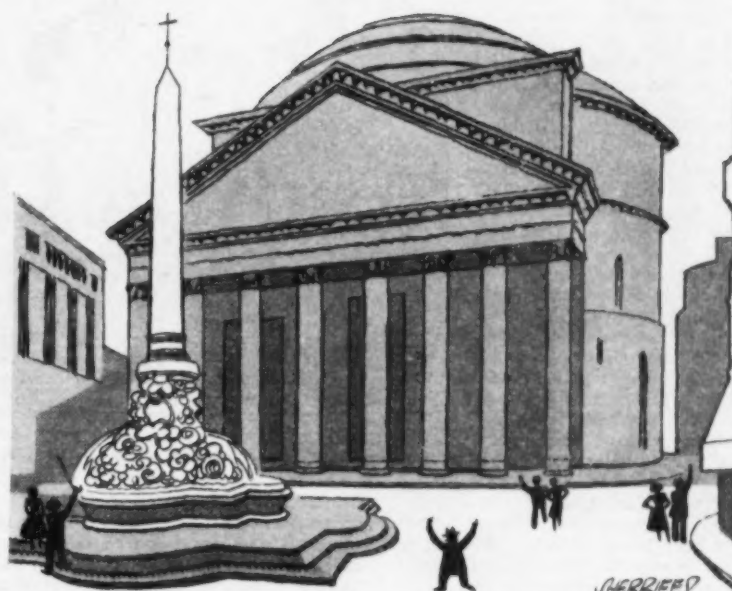
[The Matchmaker]

Horace Vandergelder—MR. SAM LEVENE
Mrs. Levi—MISS RUTH GORDON
Cornelius Hackl—MR. ARTHUR HILL

is one of the score's surprise cards. Another is the moment towards the end, where Isolier sings of his devotion to Adèle, *Dame tant chéri*. As sung by FERNANDA CARDONI this odd line or two of recitative, supported by grave woodwind harmonies, hinted of a ROSSINI who, but for his early and baffling retirement, might have fared far and deep.

Thanks to Mr. MESSEL and CARL EBERT (producer) there was nearly always something good or gay to stare at. But two things jarred. The regulation Rossinian storm interlude was accompanied visually by nothing more remarkable than eclipse lighting and what appeared to be electric-torch flashes up the backcloth. And the scene where Ory's chevaliers dress up as nuns and get reeling drunk was presented as the comic *clou* of the evening (it was nothing of the sort), fetching exactly the sort of grounding guffaws it deserved.

VITTORIO GUI conducted with devotion, as was to be expected of the man who inspired the original revival at Florence two years ago. But, with the orchestra out in the open pit of a hard, unreverberating little theatre, Rossinian tutti often nearly swamped the principals. Perhaps Mr. GUI could do something about this. CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES



Three Coins in the Fountain
The Golden Link

"SENTIMENTAL hokum" is unfortunately the first phrase that comes to mind as a summing-up of *Three Coins in the Fountain* (Director: JEAN NEGULESCO); and even after due allowance has been made for technical merit, good detail, some beautifully composed CinemaScope pictures, interesting views of Rome and one or two excellently-handled and amusing little scenes, that still seems on consideration a perfectly fair description.

Everything goes too well; the beams of metaphorical sunshine are too obviously concentrated on the too neatly (and simultaneously) tied bows of pink ribbon at the end. Here we have three American girls, nicely differentiated in age and temperament so as to mirror as much as possible of the feminine audience, who are secretaries in Rome, and share a sumptuous flat (secretaries in Rome are very well paid). Each has her man, and each, after the necessary misunderstandings and difficulties, happily winds up with him at the fadeout; the connection being supplied by the Fountain of Trevi, into which early in the picture each throws a coin, wishing. Perhaps I missed some reference, but that the final scene should have had them all meeting at the Fountain again seemed to me a quite gratuitous piece of contrivance for the sake of a mechanical neatness of design.

One of the men is a celebrated American author (CLIFTON WEBB), who has the beard and flowing tie of the conventional

Miss Frances and
Shadwell—
DOROTHY MCGUIRE and
CLIFTON WEBB

Prince Dino di Cesi
and Maria—
LOUIS JOURDAN and
MAGGIE McNAMARA
An anonymous Roman intruder

(Three Coins in the Fountain
Giorgio and Anita—
ROSSANO BRAZZI and
JEAN PETERS)

Great Man but is otherwise quite superhuman: greeting his secretary on her arrival in the morning he declares he has written twenty thousand words since midnight. Also his first editions—his first editions—were all published with gilt edges, or that's how they looked to me. Such points as these, which seem to be all that many moviegoers ever criticize, I should normally think quite unimportant and irrelevant; the fact that I'm moved to mention them now is another indication of my disrespect for the film as a whole.

That drooling song has really nothing to do with the film either; but it certainly doesn't help.

On the face of it *The Golden Link* (Director: CHARLES SAUNDERS) is a quite ordinary whodunit, but there are points about it that make it more interesting to discuss than many a much better and more unusual film.

Unhappily these points are not merits but faults. The film holds the attention because of the writing (ALLAN MAC-KINNON) and because of one or two well-done character parts, and in spite of what seems to a present-day eye a reversion to the old habit, common in British films twenty and more years ago, of paying no attention at all to detail.

The thing is like a photographed radio play. It is as if the script of most of the scenes came to the director in that form

and he disposed the characters against no more than the minimum necessary suggestion of their surroundings, which are sketched in just enough to make the story understandable and lit in a manner that many years ago I was accustomed to call British films' silvery hotel-bedroom gleam. Except in one or two small scenes, there is a thinness of imagination about the whole affair.

But it does hold the attention: it is not boring. The authority of ANDRÉ MORELL, as a Scotland Yard man, OLIVE SLOANE as a theatrical landlady, and a few hardly more than momentary location shots of London show up the weakness of texture of the rest; but it makes a perfectly good time-killing puzzle.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Caine Mutiny (25/8/54) is a well-done, gripping version of the book, with rather too much emphasis on the personal affairs of a minor character. The Academy's Shakespeare season continues: *Henry V* this week, *Julius Caesar* next. Also still in London: *The Bandit* (21/7/54) and *The Living Desert* (2/6/54). An excellent new one is *The Young Lovers*, of which more next week.

Among the releases is *Stormswept* (7/7/54), an interesting documentary about the work of Trinity House, particularly as it concerns the maintenance of lighthouses. RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Saturdays and Cinemas

MY idea of a perfect evening's entertainment indoors is an hour and a half of Beethoven (the Proms, Home Service) followed by a stimulating forty-five minutes of televised cinema from Edinburgh and a night-cap of harpsichord, oboe and Celtic harp from Chatsworth House.

The preview of the Edinburgh Film Festival was an eye-opener to viewers accustomed to transatlantic piffle of the "Orient Express" and "I'm the Law" type. These eight excerpts were all first-class. We saw a French film about the mating habits of king penguins in the Antarctic; a Danish dish decorated with the amusing *Alice in Wonderland* adventures of a little girl who strays into a busy school of ballet; an incident from a Russian film in which two wakeful nippers upset the nocturnal peace of a railway "sleeper"; a British film, sparkling, happy, yet wonderfully moving, about the teaching of deaf children; a fantastic American documentary dealing with New York jazz and jive; a Czechoslovakian puppet film underlining the danger of drunken road-users; a Canadian caper with wild horses; and a powerful American "first-feature" about rival waterfront gangs and their bosses. I know, to my cost, that it is unwise to estimate the merit of a film from its trailer, or from its purple patches, but these excerpts—with the exception of that from the "first feature"—were all satisfying in themselves, like isolated lines of truly lyrical verse.

What happens to these films? Hundreds are made every year and only a few manage to edge their way into big



Claude Hulbert

Hermione Baddeley

(I'll Be Seeing You)
Gary Wayne

"box-office" programmes. The television authorities of Europe might well establish a communal film bank from such promising material. A film exchange system is already in operation, but it is clearly inadequate when it fails to feed domestic screens with movies comparable in quality with those exhibited in profusion at the international festivals. The money spent on imports of shoddy from America would help to keep small film producers in business, encourage the amateurs, and strengthen the reserves of talent, which television will some day have to tap. For, as I see it, an expanding TV service will rely on film as much as sound radio now relies on gramophone records.

On Saturday nights, according to tradition, the B.B.C. lets down its hair and its standards and goes "popular." Why, I cannot imagine. The Proms descend to the mouth-organ, almost to the palm court, and drama and "variety" fall from any grace they may have achieved

during the rest of the week. Such declension is no compliment to the average listener or viewer: it suggests that we are still living without Factory Acts, that the Humanitarians open the cages once a week to release a mob of uncouth dullards. It also suggests that the fare provided from Sunday to Friday is difficult homework set by a pompous idiot of a schoolmaster.

This attitude is so deeply ingrained in the B.B.C.'s mental constitution that programmes of patent vulgarity can be offered to the public like smutty seaside postcards—with a sly wink and a knowing nod. How else can one explain "I'll Be Seeing You"? This dismal romp was so crude, its humour so "smallest roomish," that I toyed with the idea

of having my receiver fumigated. How Lime Grove could induce such respectable performers as Hermione Baddeley, Claude Hulbert and Shirley Abicair to tread in such mire I cannot imagine. There can be no excuses: the thing was specially written for television, produced by a producer, and aided and abetted by the music of Eric Robinson and the George Mitchell Singers.

"Love and Miss Figgis," the Sunday-Thursday play, was superb. I found this beautifully-written piece thoroughly convincing, constructive and exciting. Beatrix Lehmann revelled in the part of the frumpish but dedicated classics mistress, the Day Family was played with quite exceptional skill and subtlety by Doreen Aris, Eileen Beldon and Leslie Dwyer, and John Fraser (as Ian Baillie, the lad whose love threatens to nip Meg Day's university career in the bud) was every teen-ager's, every mother's pin-up boy. Congratulations all round.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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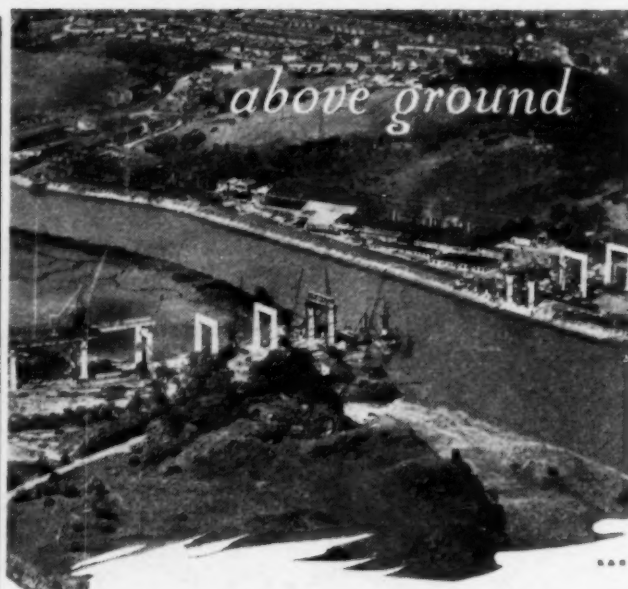
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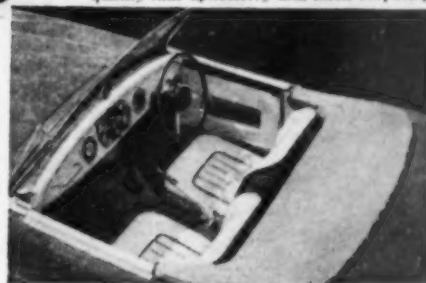
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WITH LOW E.Q.'S*
IN THEIR OFFICES**

* Efficiency quotients

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1 Do you get facts and figures on the health and strength of your business:—
(1) weeks late? (2) months late? (3) when the Official Receiver is called in?

Hint 1: If it would help to have a day-by-day analysis, there are machines to provide it.

2 Here are three accounting operations on which your office believes it works as fast as it can:—Payroll, Stock Records, Sales Ledger. Which of the following result from delays on which operation?

- (a) Your capital tied up in things neither you nor anybody wants.
- (b) A thumping weekly bill for overtime work in the office.
- (c) Credit being given where credit isn't due (or wise).

Hint 2: Any of these can be cured by a Burroughs accounting machine known as the "Sensimatic."

3 When somebody mentions "record-control" or "document-storage" what do you think of:—(1) those three rooms full of paper nobody can get into? (2) Miss Dilworthy's head? (3) Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a fire?

Hint 3: Microfilming your records can save over 99% of document-storage space.

Satisfied with your showing?

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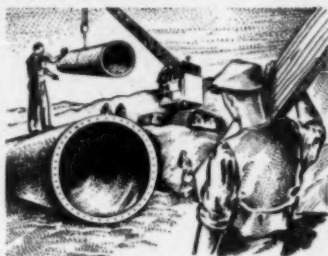
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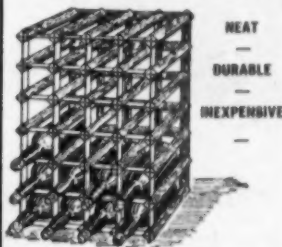
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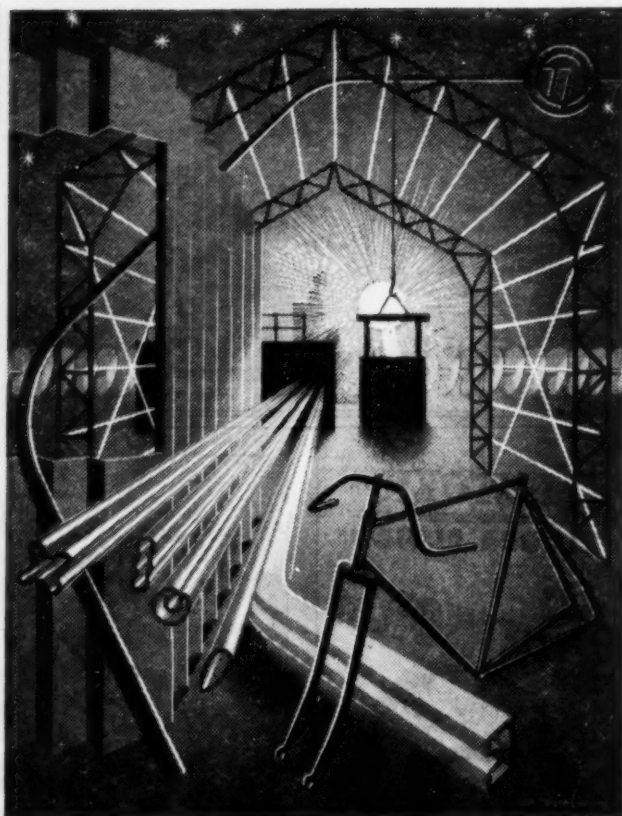
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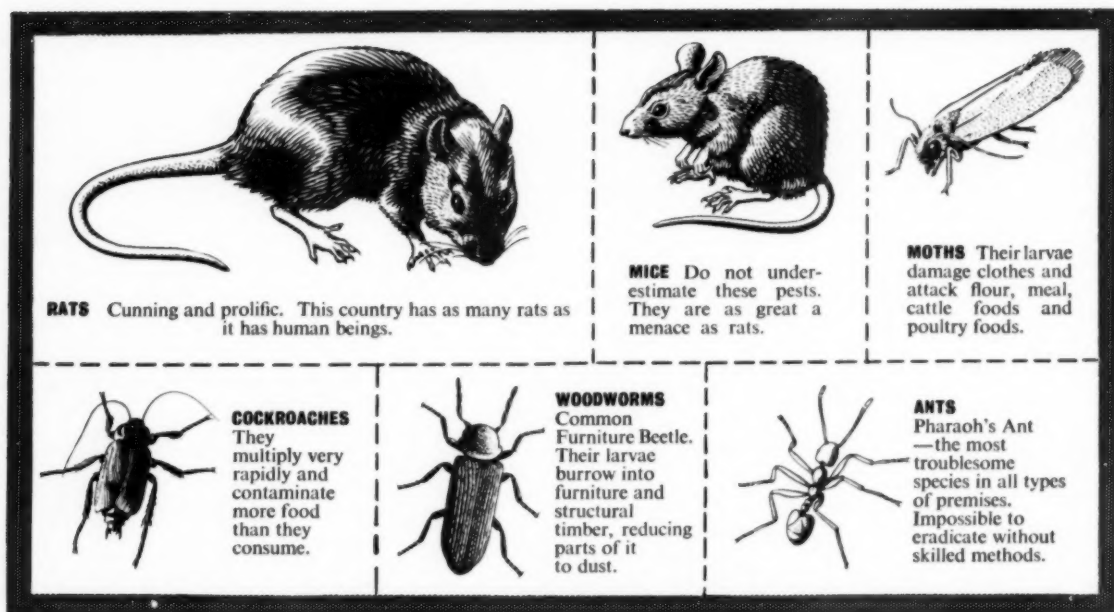
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